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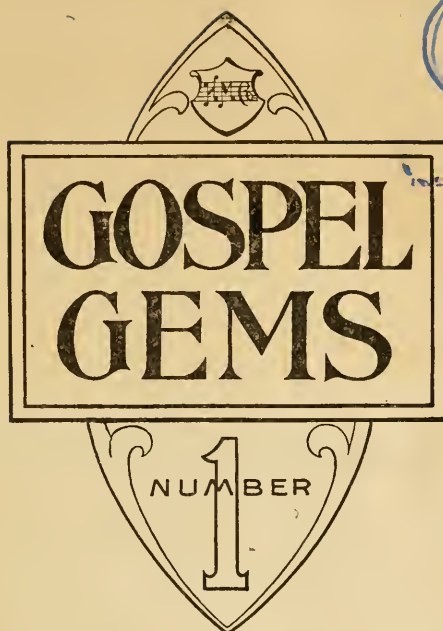
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## One Hundred Eighty Sacred Selections for Religious Meetings

Edited by  
**J. LINCOLN HALL**  
**ADAM GEIBEL**  
**C. AUSTIN MILES**

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PUBLISHERS

1018-1020 Arch Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

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# Gospel Gems

By way of introduction and explanation the Publishers state that the presentation of this Biggest Little Book needs no accompanying words of commendation. **It will sing its own praises.** To the thinking person the following statement of facts will be sufficient :

**Gospel Gems** contains 180 Selections covering every need of the Christian Worker and every phase of the Work ; the enlarged Excelsior Department, so successful last year, the increased number of Invitation Hymns, the added Temperance and Anti-Saloon Department and the Church Hymns and Special Selections all combined in one publication make it indeed a book of Gospel Gems.        ∴        ∴        ∴

THE PUBLISHERS.



# Gospel Gems.

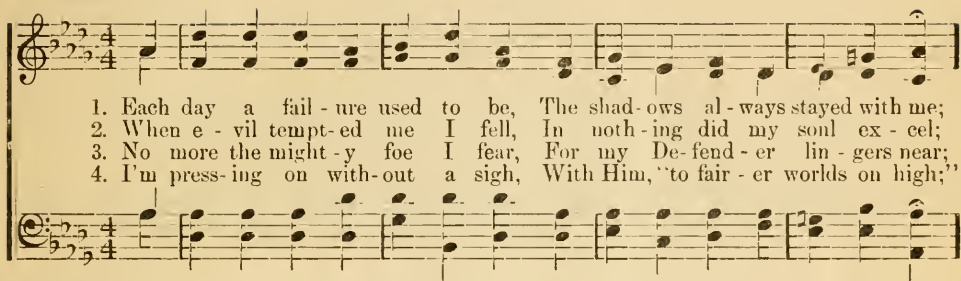
No. 1.

## No. 1.

## Victory All the Time.

JAMES ROWE.

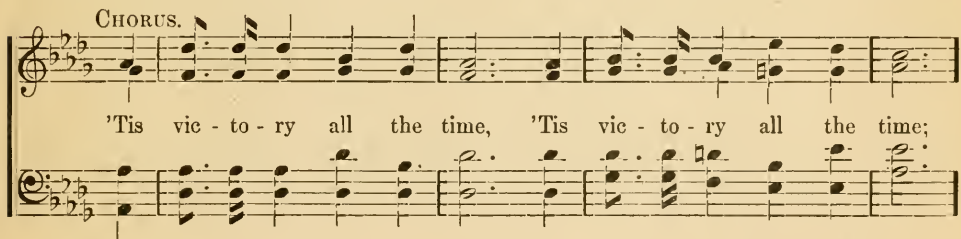
B. D. ACKLEY.



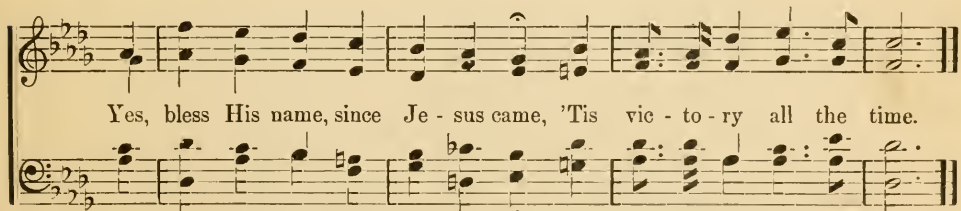
1. Each day a fail - ure used to be, The shad - ows al - ways stayed with me;  
2. When e - vil tempt - ed me I fell, In noth - ing did my soul ex - cel;  
3. No more the might - y foe I fear, For my De - fend - er lin - gers near;  
4. I'm press - ing on with - out a sigh, With Him, 'to fair - er worlds on high;"



But now, since Je - sus set me free, 'Tis vic - to - ry all the time.  
But now I'm saved, and all is well, 'Tis vic - to - ry all the time.  
And since His cheer - ing voice I hear, 'Tis vic - to - ry all the time.  
And since on Je - sus I re - ly, 'Tis vic - to - ry all the time.



CHORUS.  
'Tis vic - to - ry all the time, 'Tis vic - to - ry all the time;



Yes, bless His name, since Je - sus came, 'Tis vic - to - ry all the time.

## No. 2.

## The Banner of the King.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. 'Neath the roy - al ban - ner of the King Im - man - u - el, The hosts are  
 2. Go - ing forth to bat - tle in Je - ho - vah's might - y name, The hosts are  
 3. Ev - er look - ing for - ward to that hap - py home a - bove, The hosts are

march - ing, are on - ward march - ing; Well armed by faith to do good service for the  
 march - ing, are on - ward march - ing; Un - to all those who walk in darkness they His  
 march - ing, are on - ward march - ing; For - ev - er safe from harm and danger 'neath His

march - ing on, march - ing on,

CHORUS.

One they love so well; The hosts are marching, yes, marching on.  
 wondrous love proclaim; The hosts are marching, yes, marching on. } Sing - ing the  
 shelt'ring arms of love; The hosts are marching, yes, marching on.

marching on, marching on, Sing - ing, sing -

gos - pel sto - ry; Beneath its ban - ner we march to glo - ry, To glo - ry,  
 ing the gos - pel sto - - ry, March - ing on, march - ing on, To glo - ry,

sing - ing the gos - pel sto - ry, Beneath its ban - ner we're marching on.  
 sing - ing, sing - ing the gos - pel sto - - ry, march - ing on, march - ing on.

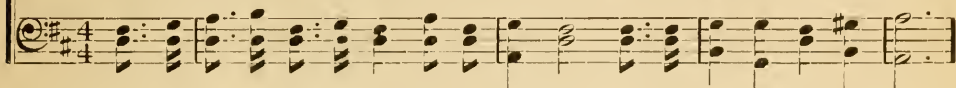
# No. 3. In the Service of the King.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

ARTHUR BERRIDGE.



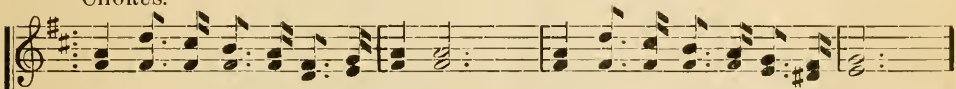
1. In the serv-ice of the King ev-er loy-al, His commands we would o-bey;
2. In the serv-ice of the King ev-er loy-al, To His sway with joy we yield;
3. In the serv-ice of the King ev-er loy-al, We will stead-fast be and true;



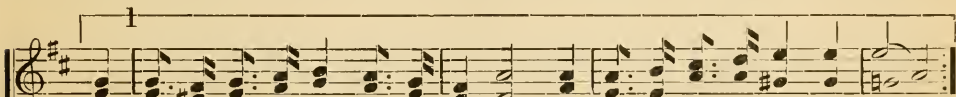
And His watchword clear re-sounding far and near, Bids us fol-low in His way.  
And our conq'ring sword His ev-er-last-ing word, Faith di-vine our shin-ing shield.  
In His roy-al way we fol-low on for aye, And His pow'r shall strength renew.



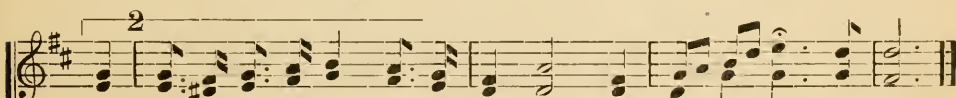
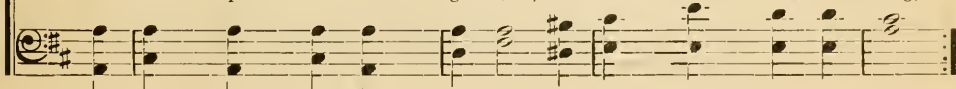
CHORUS.



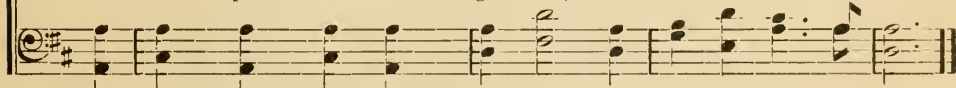
Un-der the ban-ner of our Cap-tain, Un-der the ban-ner of our King;  
Un-der the ban-ner of our Cap-tain, Un-der the ban-ner of our King;



We con-quer by the cross ev-er glo-rious, His stand-ard to the breeze we fling;  
We con-quer ev-er glo-rious, His stand-ard now we fling;



We con-quer by the cross ev-er glo-rious, And songs of tri-umph sing.  
We con-quer ev-er glo-rious,




# No. 4.



# Keep Singing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

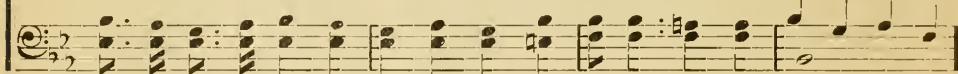
RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES.



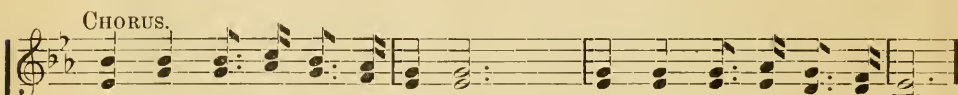
1. Nev - er mind the weather, dark or fair, Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;  
 2. Do you get dis-couraged as you go? Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;  
 3. When the day is hard and things go wrong, Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;  
 4. God is o - ver all, so do not grieve, Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;  
 Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;

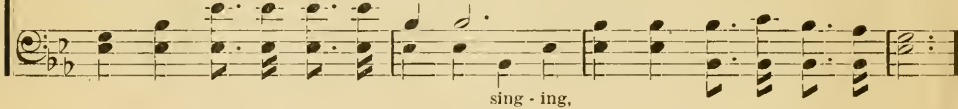
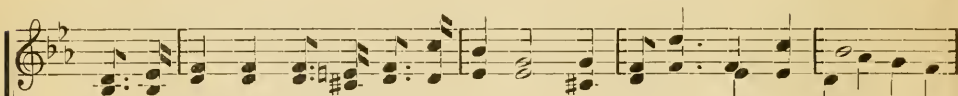
There is One who has you in His care, Keep singing all the day.  
 Soon the cup of joy will o - ver-flow, Keep singing all the day.  
 You may help an-oth - er with your song, Keep singing all the day.  
 Fear ye not! His child He will not leave, Keep singing all the day.  
 keep sing - ing.



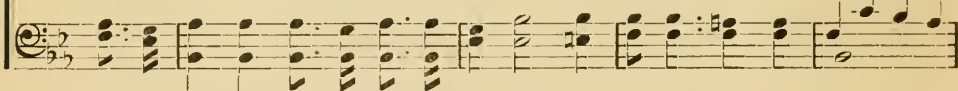
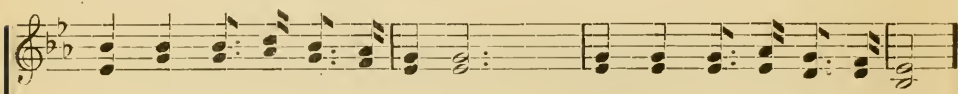
CHORUS.



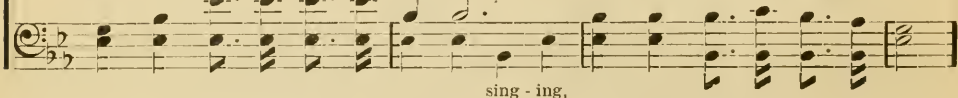
Sing - ing makes the bur - den light - er, Sing - ing drives the care a - way;  
 sing - ing,

With a prayer and song the path is light - er, Keep sing - ing all the day;  
 keep singing,

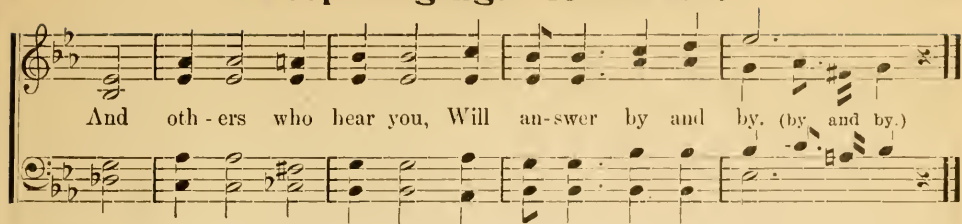



Sing - ing in the ear - ly morn - ing, Sing - ing as the mo - ments fly,  
 sing - ing,





# Keep Singing.—Concluded.



And oth - ers who hear you, Will an - swer by and by. (by and by.)

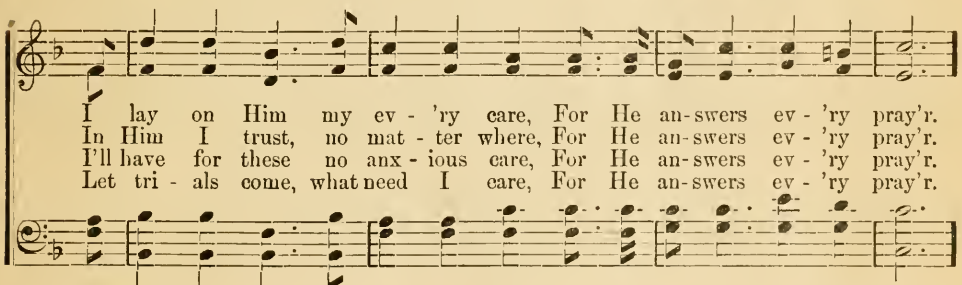
## No. 5. He Answers Every Prayer.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

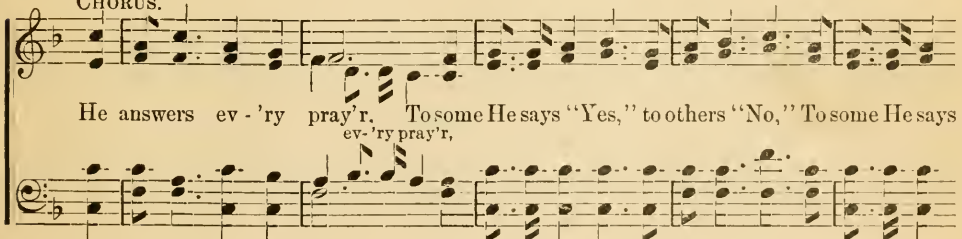


1. A - way with doubt, a - way with fear, I know that God is al - ways near;  
 2. The bil - lows high a - round me roll, In His own hand He keeps my soul;  
 3. Let storm-clouds roll a - bove my head, They're filled with blessings He will shed;  
 4. In life or death my song shall be, The might - y God still cares for me;

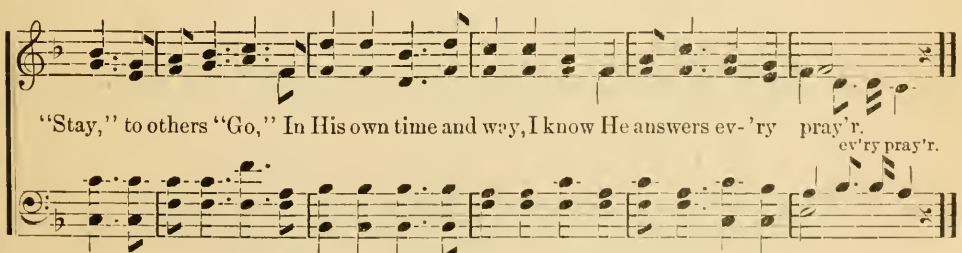


I lay on Him my ev - 'ry care, For He an - swers ev - 'ry pray'r.  
 In Him I trust, no mat - ter where, For He an - swers ev - 'ry pray'r.  
 I'll have for these no anx - ious care, For He an - swers ev - 'ry pray'r.  
 Let tri - als come, what need I care, For He an - swers ev - 'ry pray'r.

### CHORUS.



He answers ev - 'ry pray'r. To some He says "Yes," to others "No," To some He says  
 ev - 'ry pray'r,



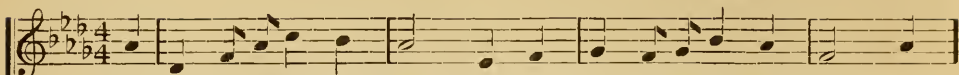
"Stay," to others "Go," In His own time and way, I know He answers ev - 'ry pray'r.  
 ev - 'ry pray'r.

## No. 6.

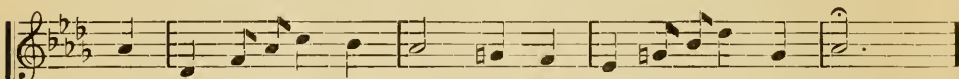
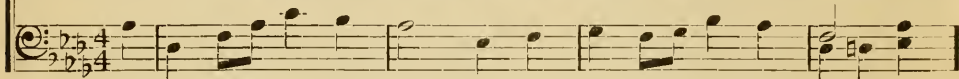
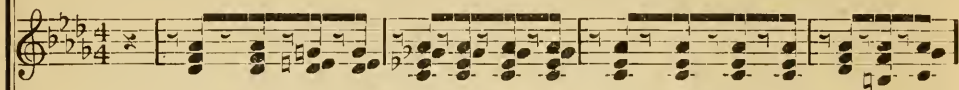
## My Saviour Takes Care of Me.

W. H. R.

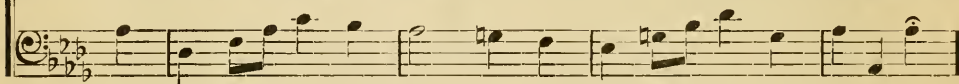
WILL H. RUEBUSH.



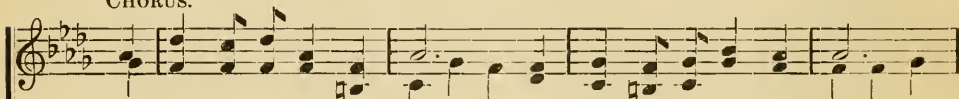
1. I know, when the storms are sweep - ing, I'm safe in my Master's keep - ing;  
 2. No care for the com - ing mor - row, No fear of an undimm'd sor - row,  
 3. Un - til I have crossed the riv - er, My soul shall be troubled nev - er,



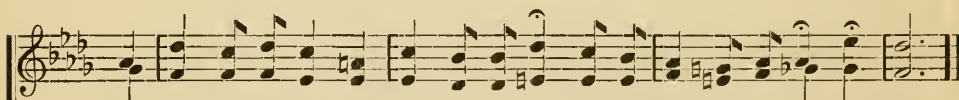
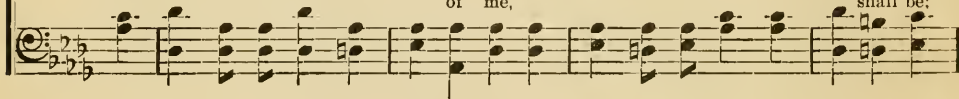
He watch-es with love, un - sleep - ing, My Sav-iour takes care of me.  
 For just what I need I bor - row, My Sav-iour takes care of me.  
 For this is my com-fort ev - er, My Sav-iour takes care of me.



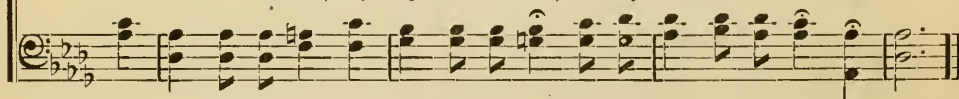
## CHORUS.



My Sav-iour takes care of me, of me, And safe I shall al - ways be; shall be;



When troub-les as-sail, my hope does not fail, For my Sav-iour takes care of me.



## No. 7.

## The Battle is the Lord's.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. It is hard to keep the nar-row path with-in, To with-hold thy steps from  
 2. Do you pass thro' clouds of gloom and dis-content? Are thy days in pain, thy  
 3. Does it sometimes seem that God has hid His face, That the hosts of e-vil  
 4. O thou wea-ry one, 'tis not for thee to moan, For the Chris-tian is in

lur-ing ways of sin; There is One who will the con-flict sure-ly win,  
 nights in sor-row spent? O re-mem-ber He with help o'er thee is bent,  
 walk with joy a-pace? Know that sin will soon be vanquished in the race,  
 con-flict ne'er a-lone; He'll surround thee with the le-gions of His throne,

## CHORUS.

For the bat-tle is the Lord's. For the bat-tle is the Lord's,  
 bat-tle is the Lord's,

Yes, the bat-tle is the Lord's; In His word we read  
 bat-tle is the Lord's;

He'll to tri-umph lead, For the bat-tle is the Lord's.  
 bat-tle is the Lord's.



## No. 8.

## The Path of Promise.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sweet is the path of promise, Guarded from fear and dread; O - ver each shade and sorrow  
 2. Bright is the path of promise, Blessings divine I share; On him who walks beside me  
 3. Peaceful the path of promise, Since I'm an heir di-vine; Led by his light un-failing,

Light of his love is shed; Sweet are the words of comfort, Cheering the way I tread.  
 Cast I my ev-'ry care; Hear I the words of comfort, Mes-sage of joy to bear.  
 Brightly my hope shall shine; Mas-ter of all, be near me, Keep me for-ev - er thine.

\* CHORUS. SOP. AND ALTO.  
 (CALVARY.)

"Lo, I will be with thee!" How cheer-ing the word!

On this I am lean - ing; "Thus say - eth the Lord."

ALL IN PARTS.

Our path-way is bright - ened All thro' the dim vale; . . .  
 Our pathway ev - er is bright - ened All thro' the vale, the dim vale, the dim vale;

## The Path of Promise.—Concluded.



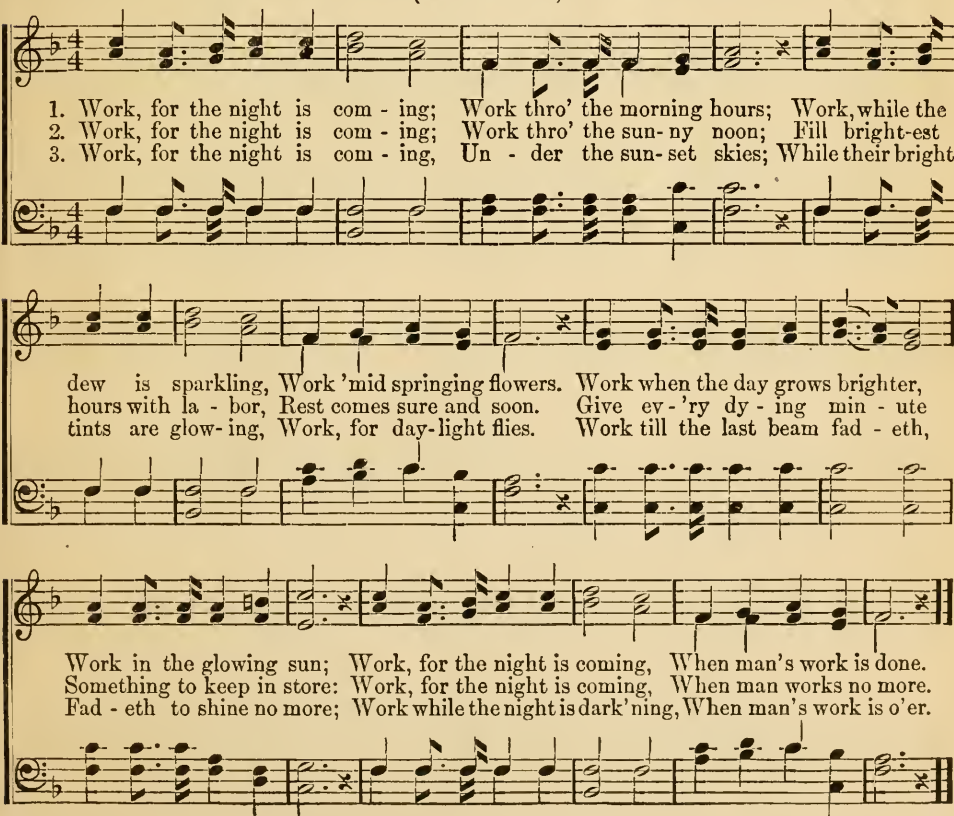
"I'll nev - er for-sake thee, I'll nev - er for-sake thee,  
 I'll nev-er, nev - er, I'll nev-er for-sake, I'll nev-er, nev - er, I'll nev-er for-sake,  
 I'll nev - er for - sake thee, Tho' all else should fail."  
 I'll nev - er, nev - er, I'll nev - er for-sake,

## No. 9. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNA L. COGHILL.

(WORK SONG.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the  
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est  
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright  
 dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers. Work when the day grows brighter,  
 hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry dy - ing min - ute  
 tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,  
 Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.  
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.  
 Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'n'ing, When man's work is o'er.

## No. 10.

## Watch, Work, Pray.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. Watch, Christian, watch for the sig - nal, Show - ing the Sav - iour is near;  
 2. Work for the Lord seeks your serv - ice, Work thro' the bright gold - en day;  
 3. Pray for in pray'r strength is giv - en, Strength for the work you must do;

Keep your eyes fixed on the hill - tops, Soon will the glo - ry ap - pear.  
 Soon will the night fall a - round thee, Swift - ly the hours pass a - way.  
 When you are weak call on Je - sus, He will come quick - ly to you.

## CHORUS.

Work, watch, pray, . . . This is your Lord's com - mand; Work, watch,  
 Work, watch and pray, O work, watch and pray, His command; Work, watch and pray,

pray, He will be near at hand; Work, watch, pray, Fear not to  
 Work, watch and pray, near at hand; Work, watch and pray, O work, watch and pray,

take your stand, Trust in the Lord for - ev - er al - way work, watch, pray.  
 take your stand, work, watch and pray.

# No. 11,

# With Jesus is Best

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Come where the fountains are flowing, And the lil - ies ev - er bloom; Come where the
2. Come where the blest Rose of Shar-on Is the fair-est of the field; Come where the
3. Stay not in val-leys of shad-ow When the mountains bid you come, Climb up and

## CHORUS.

sun is ev-er shining, And the flowers shed their sweet perfume.  
 blessings of redemption Un-to all its choicest fruits will yield. } For a des-ert is a  
 nev-er, nev-er falter, 'Til you reach the por-tals of your home. }

gar-den fair, If Je-sus makes His dwelling there, And a low-ly cot-tage here a  
 so fair, dwelling there,

pal-ace will appear, If He is my Guest. But a gar-den is a des-ert bare, If  
 my Guest, desert bare,

He is not a-bid-ing there; So, an-ywhere, yes, an-ywhere With Je - sus is best.  
 a-biding there;



# No. 12. An Heir to Riches Untold.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Can I doubt Him, my Fa-ther so ten-der, Whom in glo-ry I soon shall behold,  
 2. Can I fear, for His love is a-bounding, Ev-'ry morn-ing new mer-cies unfold,  
 3. Can I lack, for my Shepherd is near me, He His own by His might shall uphold,

Un-to Him would I glad-ly sur-ren-der, I'm an heir to His rich-es un-told.  
 I re-joice in His goodness surround-ing, I'm an heir to His rich-es un-told.  
 Yea, His rod and His staff ev-er cheer me, I'm an heir to His rich-es un-told.

CHORUS.

Bound-less blessings, Great-er than sil-ver or gold;  
 O the many blessings! O the many blessings! Hal-le-lu-ia! I'm an

*rit.*  
 I'm an heir, hal-le-lu-jah! I'm an heir to rich-es un-told.  
 heir! un-told.

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# No. 13. Hide Me Away.

EDNA OSBORNE PHILLIPS.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Hide me a-way in the cleft Rock of A-ges, Safe and secure from the storms that oppress,  
 2. Here let my soul with its burdens so heav-y Find blest re-lief and a place of sweet rest,  
 3. Hiding in Thee, O Thou blest Rock of Ages, God-given shelter where naught can molest,

G. G.

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## Hide Me Away.—Concluded.

Make me to feel the sweet calm of Thy pres-ence. O Rock of A-ges, Thou  
 Sur- cease from sor- row and cour- age and com- fort. O Rock of A-ges, Thou  
 Here let me stay till this life shall be end- ed. O Rock of A-ges, Thou

REFRAIN. *Slowly.* *rit.*

ha- ven so blest. Hide me a- way, Hide me a- way, O Rock of A-ges, Hide me a- way.

## No. 14. I Know that Jesus Loves Me.

GRACE R. ATKINS.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. A song my heart is sing- ing, A note of gladness ring- ing, E- ter- nal joy 'tis  
 2. Since my Redeemer found me, And plac'd his arms around me, My foes can ne'er con-  
 3. I'm dai- ly living near Him, And when He speaks I hear Him, I know I need not

CHORUS.

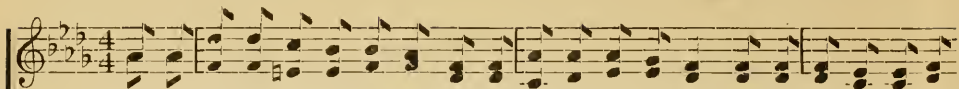
bring- ing, I know that Je- sus loves me.  
 found me, I know that Je- sus loves me. } I know that Jesus loves me, I know that  
 fear Him, I know that Je- sus loves me. }

Je- sus loves me; Where'er I be 'tis joy to me To know that Jesus loves me.

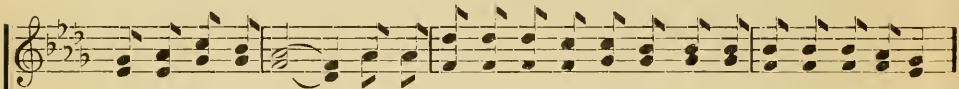
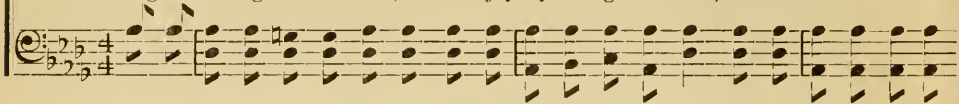
# No. 15. Underneath Me are the Everlasting Arms.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

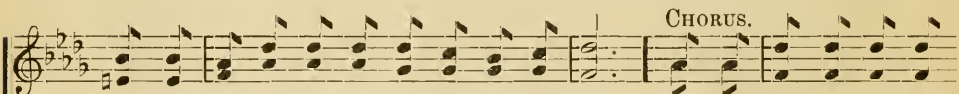
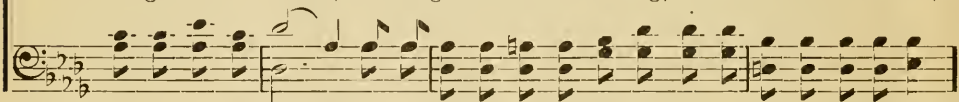
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. There's a message from my Father, That can gladden ev-'ry hour; It upholds me when the
2. Per- fect peace my heart possessing, As I trust from day to day; For the knowledge of His
3. Loving kindness goes before me, And His joy my strength shall be; I am steadfast for no

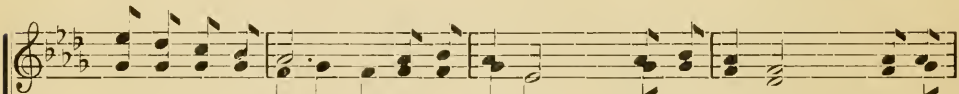
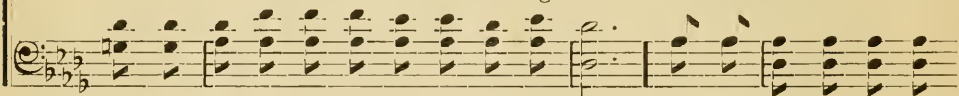


storm of life a - larms, And I cling to it re- joic-ing; As I trust His mighty pow'r,  
pres - ence ev - er charms, And my hope is in His promise; It shall be my strength and stay,  
dan - ger ev - er harms, For His grace divine un - fail-ing; All suf - fi - cient is for me,

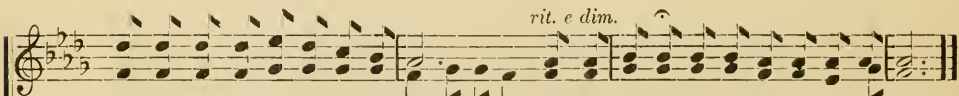


CHORUS.

Un - der - neath me are the ev - er - last - ing arms. Un - der - neath me are the



ev - er - last - ing arms, They up - hold me, they en - fold me, I am  
His arms, They uphold me, they enfold me,



*rit. e dim.*

steadfast, for no danger ev - er harms, Un - der - neath me are the everlasting arms.  
ev - er harms,



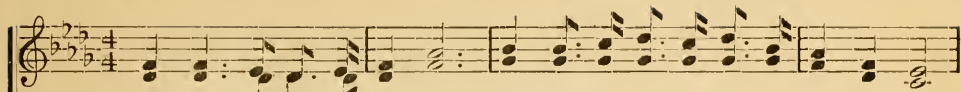


## No. 16.

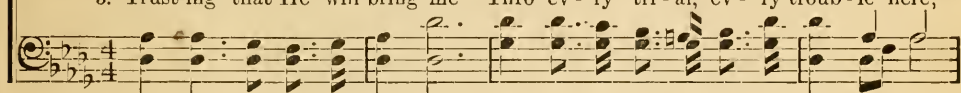
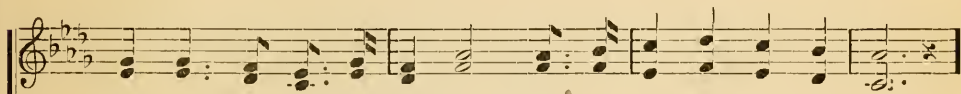
## Hand in Hand.

C. A. M.


C. AUSTIN MILES.



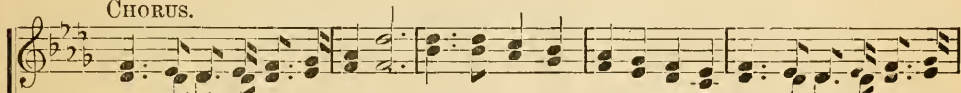
1. Toil - ing, and oft - en wea - ry, Yet there is joy in serv - ing Christ our King;  
 2. Weeping, but nev - er mur - m'ring, Thro' all my tears I see His lov - ing smile;  
 3. Trust - ing that He will bring me Thro' ev - 'ry tri - al, ev - 'ry troub - le here;

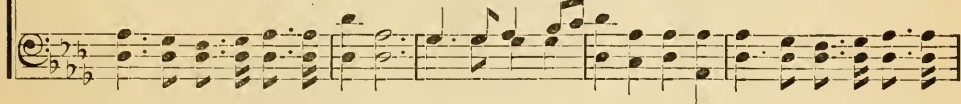
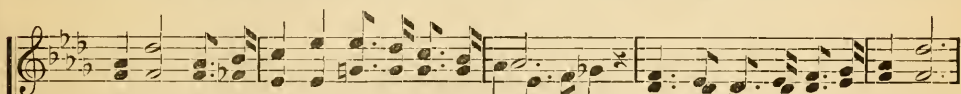
Lean - ing up - on His prom - ise, With as - sur - ance I can sing.  
 Walk - ing, but nev - er lone - ly, He is with me all the while.  
 Know - ing I shall be like Him, All my doubts now dis - ap - pear.



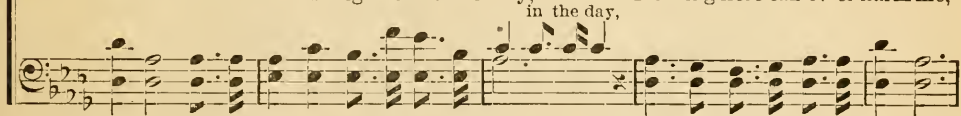

## CHORUS.



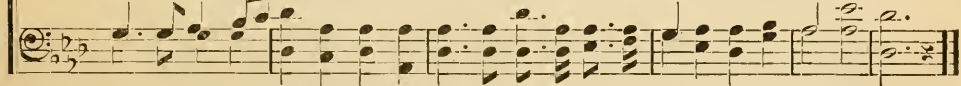
So I'm singing hal - le - lu - jahs! In the cloud or in the sunshine, Sat - is - fied to be with

Je - sus In the darkest night or in the day, Nothing here can ev - er harm me,

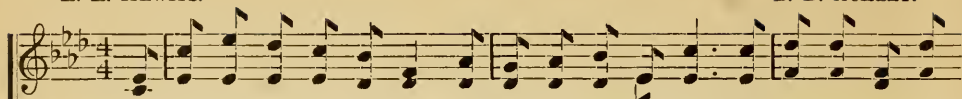
Nor the foes of earth alarm me, While I'm walking hand in hand with Jesus all the way.



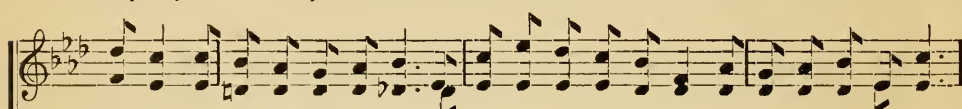
# No. 17. He Never has Failed Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

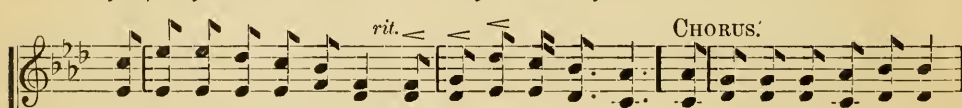
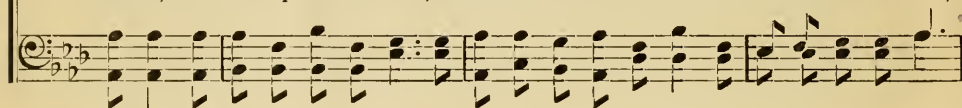
B. D. ACKLEY.



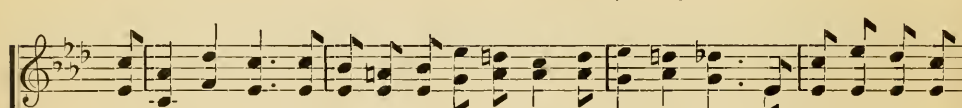
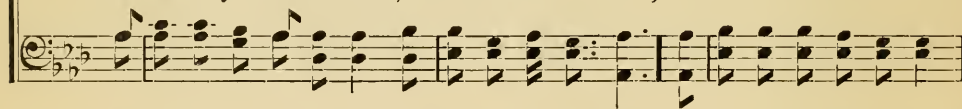
1. In sunshine and in shad-ow, I have a changeless friend, Whose love is ev-er-
2. O when the storm is rag-ing, I'll look to Him a-bove, I'll call up-on my
3. O don't you know this Saviour to be your ver-y own? Turn now in faith to



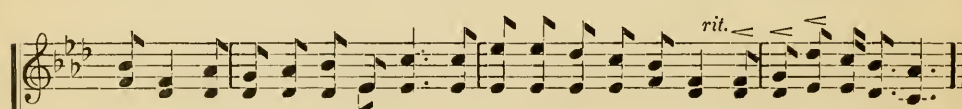
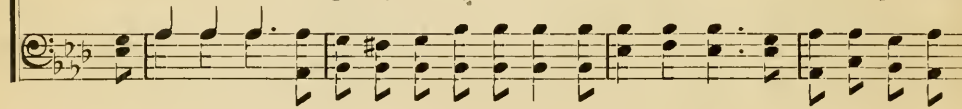
lasting, whose mercies have no end; And since He died to save me, my ev-'ry need He'll fill,  
Saviour, and trust His saving love; He'll keep me thro' the tempest, or bid the waves 'be still,'  
Je-sus, the Lamb upon the throne; Whene'er a contrite sinner has come to Zi-on's hill,



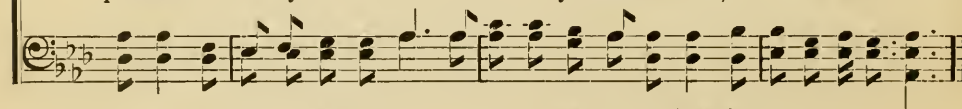
He nev-er yet has failed me, I know He nev-er will.  
He nev-er yet has failed me, I know He nev-er will. } He nev-er yet has failed me,  
Christ nev-er yet has failed him, I know He nev-er will. }



O no! O no! All glo-ry to my Saviour who loves me so: For ev-'ry precious



promise He sure-ly will ful-fill—He nev-er yet has failed me, I know He never will.

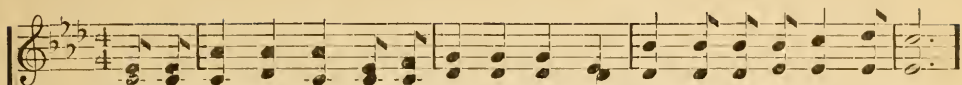


## No. 18.

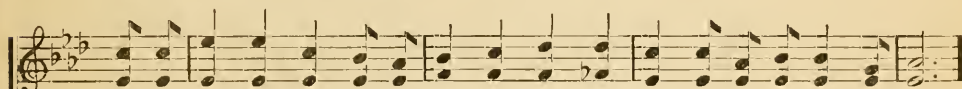
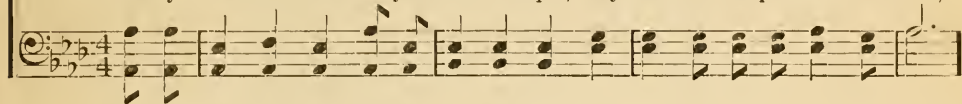
## Lay Hold On the Promise.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



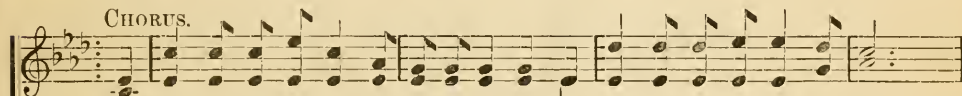
1. There's a word of cheer for each fainting heart, Lay hold on the promise di-vine;  
 2. He will nev-er leave nor for-sake thy soul, Lay hold on the promise di-vine;  
 2. Have the shad-ows hid all the way you've trod? Lay hold on the promise di-vine;  
 4. Ev-ry doubt and fear from your heart dis-pel, Lay hold on the promise di-vine;



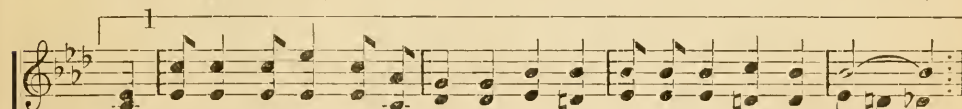
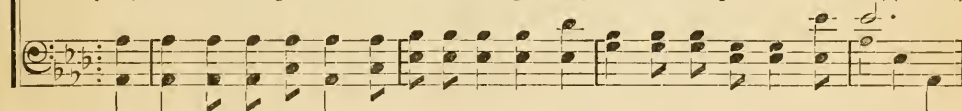
'Tis a wondrous word that can grace im-part, Lay hold on the promise di-vine.  
 Ev-ry anx-ious care on the Mas-ter roll, Lay hold on the promise di-vine.  
 Let your faith reach out to the word of God, Lay hold on the promise di-vine.  
 Ev-rywhere and al-ways it will be well, Lay hold on the promise di-vine.



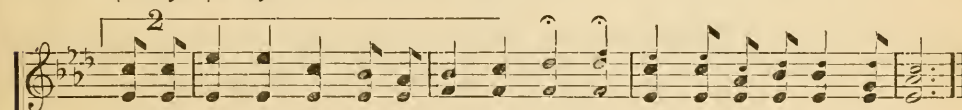
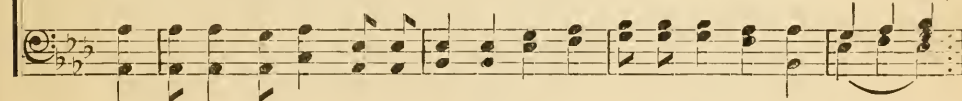
## CHORUS.



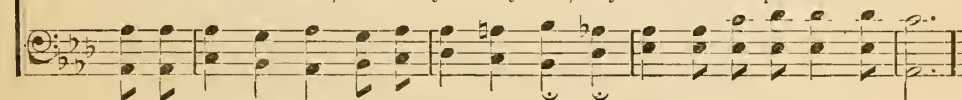
{ Lay hold on the promise and nev-er let go, Lay hold on the promise se-secure; (secure);  
 { Lay hold on the promise and nev-er let go, Lay hold on the promise di-vine; (divine);



Tho' heav-en and earth pass a-way we know It ev-ermore shall en-dure;  
 en-dure;



It will stand the test, on it you may rest, Lay hold on the promise di-vine.





# No. 19. My Captain Never Lost a Battle.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Rouse ye! O ye freemen! For a foe is in your nation, Sparing not your  
2. Hear ye! Thro' the darkness comes the sob of children weeping, Robb'd of health and  
3. For-ward! God is with us, we are on His pow'r re-ly-ing, We shall gain the

O rouse ye!  
men and maidens on its downward way; Ral-ly to the standard of the  
hope and life, their her-i-tage of love; Waken from your slumber, 'tis no  
vic-to-ry, our cause we know is just; Forward! Nev-er fal-ter! All the

Cap-tain of Sal-va-tion, Who nev-er lost a bat-tle; He calls for you to-day.  
time for sin-ful sleeping, A Voice to you is call-ing! The Voice of God a-bove.  
host of sin de-fy-ing, Our God ne'er lost a bat-tle, in him we put our trust.

*CHORUS. Unison.* *Parts.*  
*a tempo.*  
My Cap-tain nev-er lost a bat-tle, An-y-where, an-y-where; An-y-where, an-y-where;

*Unison.*  
His ar-my He is ev-er lead-ing On to cer-tain vic-to-ry; All the

# My Captain Never Lost a Battle.—Concluded.

host of the world de - fy - ing, With the cross-barred ban-ner fly - ing, Join the

*Parts.*

might-y ar-my, cry - ing Vic-to - ry! Vic-to - ry! (Vic-to - ry!)

*Vic-to - ry!*

## No. 20.\* Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

From G. F. HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'nly  
 2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the  
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.  
 steps al-read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.  
 hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems  
 Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.

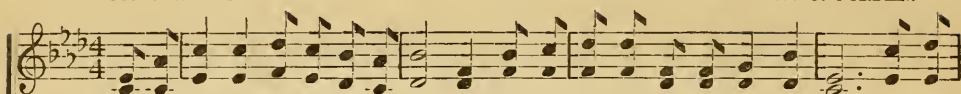
\* No. 20, being in same Key may be used in connection with No. 19 at pleasure.

# No. 21.

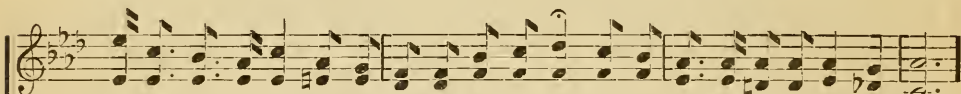
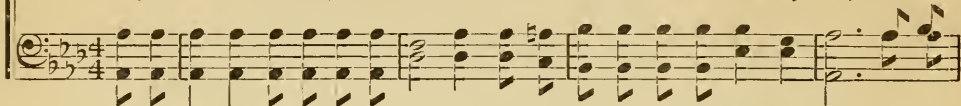
# Always Room for Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

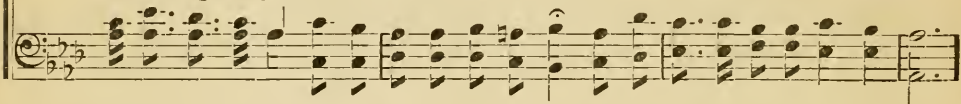
W. C. JORDAN.



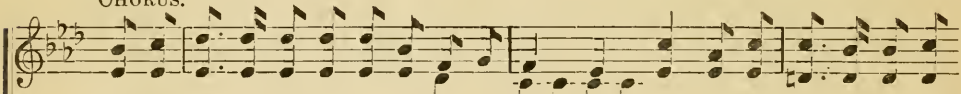
1. In my heart there's always room for Jesus, Tho' so ma-ny, ma-ny friends have I; But no
2. In my tho'ts there's always room for Jesus, Tho' I've many, many tho'ts each day; But His
3. In my life there's always room for Jesus, Tho' I've duties I must dai-ly do; There is



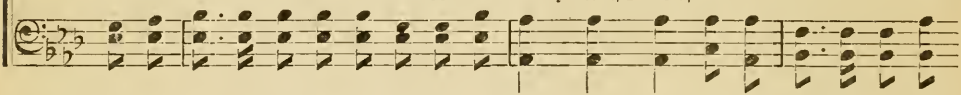
mat-ter what befall, He's the tru-est friend of all, He will ev-'ry needed want supply.  
wondrous love so free Is the sweetest tho't to me, And it cheers me as I go my way.  
room enough to spare, For my Lord to have a share, He's the tru-est friend I ev-er knew.



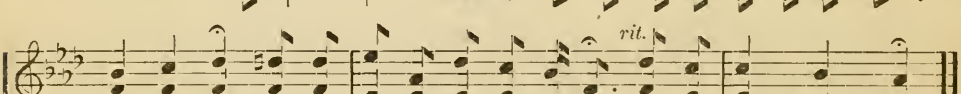
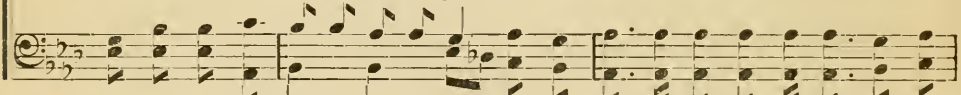
## CHORUS.



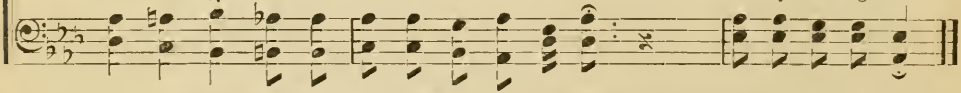
Yes, there's always room for Je-sus in my heart, I know, He will keep me, He will  
room in my heart, I know,



bless me, as my way I go; He's the friend of all the dear-est who will  
way thro' life I go;



joy im-part, There is al-ways room for Je-sus in my trust-ing heart.  
in my trust-ing heart.



## No. 22.

## Hold Thou My Hand.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Hold Thou my hand, O Lord, when pleasures vain allure me, When from Thy side my  
 2. Hold Thou my hand, O Lord, to give me kind-ly warn-ing, When tri-als come my  
 3. Hold Thou my hand, O Lord, when shades of night are falling, When o'er my eyes their

feet would turn a way: Then let Thy love, O Lord, with gen-tle bands se-  
 faith in Thee to prove; Come friend or foe, O Lord, at mid-night or at  
 cur-tains gen-tly fall; Then through the dark, O Lord, I'll hope to hear Thee

CHORUS.  
 cure me, To hold me safe thro' ev-'ry try-ing day.  
 morn-ing, Safe I'll a-bide in Thy unchang-ing love. } Hold Thou my hand,  
 call-ing, E'en then to be my Light, my Life, my All. }

hold Thou my hand, Else when temptations come, how shall I stand, Or when in

sorrow's hour, Helpless I feel its pow'r? Then, now and al-ways, hold Thou my hand.

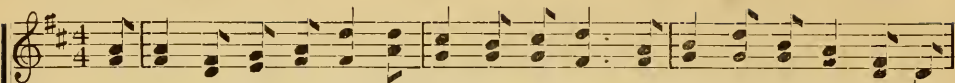


## No. 23.

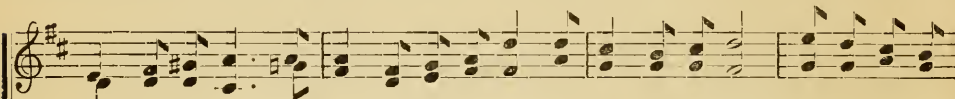
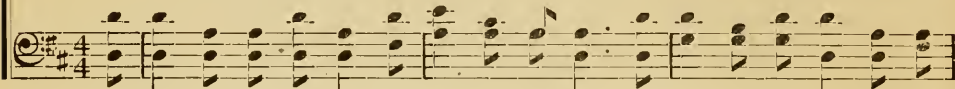
## Keep Close to Jesus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND,

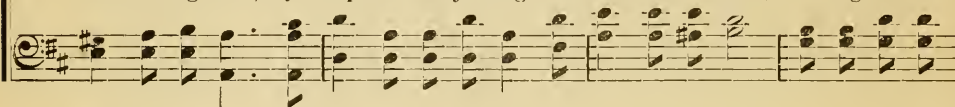
B. D. ACKLEY.



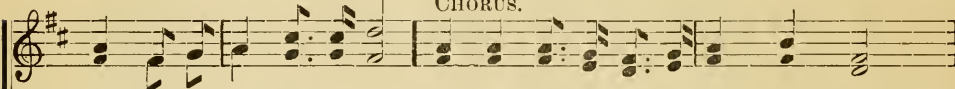
1. Tho' friends may deceive me and troubles draw nigh, Tho' dark clouds may gather a -  
 2. In ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion I know He is near, With words of com - pas - sion to  
 3. In sun - shine and show - er by me doth He stand, Each day I am un - der His



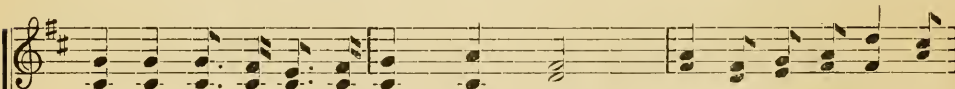
bove in the sky; When ly - ing be - fore me the path - way looks dim, I can nev - er  
 comfort and cheer; He sets a bright rainbow where shadows look grim, And sustain - ing  
 shel - ter - ing hand; My cup of re - joic - ing He fills to the brim, Giv - ing me a



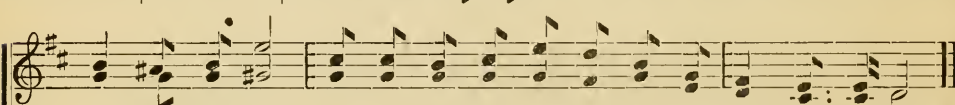
## CHORUS.



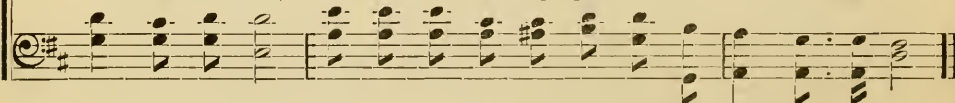
fear, if I keep close to Him. }  
 grace, if I keep close to Him. } Close to Je - sus thro' the night and day,  
 song, if I keep close to Him. } Close to Je - sus thro' the night and thro' the day,



Close to Je - sus all a - long the way; What tho' the heav - ens a -  
 Close to Je - - sus all a - long the nar - row way;



bove me look dim, I am safe and hap - py if I keep close to Him.

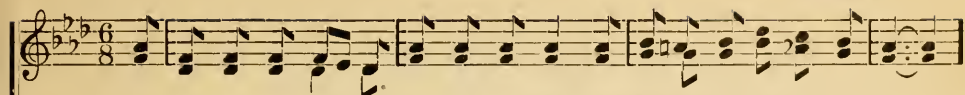


# No. 24.

# Wide as the Ocean.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



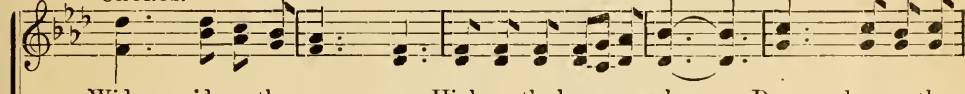
1. I claim for my own a King on a throne, The Mak-er of land and of sea;
2. I wan-der a-way, from Him I might stray, But ev-er the sound of His voice
3. The by ways are fair but oft-en a-snare, Is hid-den where pleasures abound;



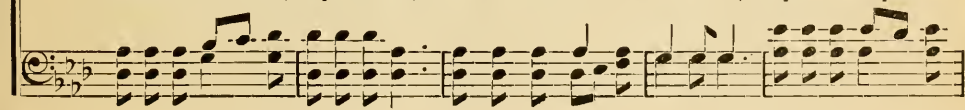
Whose throne is on high, He ev-er is nigh, To love and care for me.  
Is call-ing to me where e'er I may be, To make my heart re-joice.  
So close to His side I'll ev-er a-bide, For safe-ty there is found.



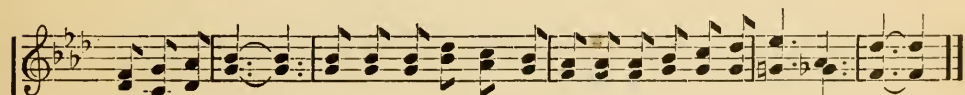
## CHORUS.



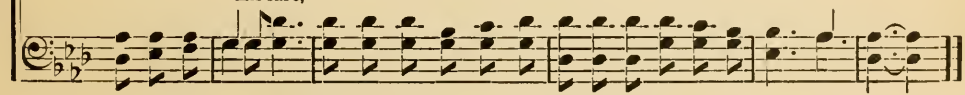
Wide, wide as the o-cean, High as the heavens a-bove; Deep, deep as the  
Wide as the o-cean, deep as the sea, a-bove; Deep as the deep-est



deep-est sea, Is my Saviour's love; I, tho' so un-worth-y, Still am a  
is His love, I, tho' un-worth-y, Still am His child



child of His care, For His word teaches me that His love reaches me ev-'ry-where.  
His care,

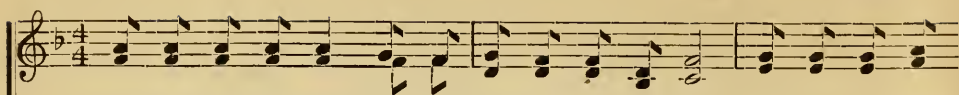


## No. 25.

## It's All Right Now.

L. S. L.

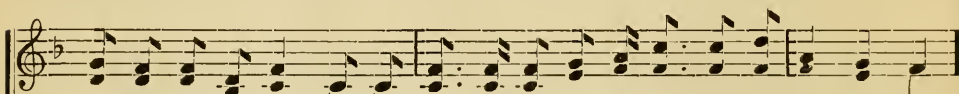
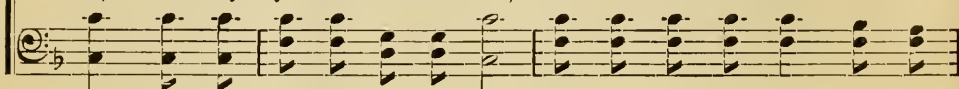
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.



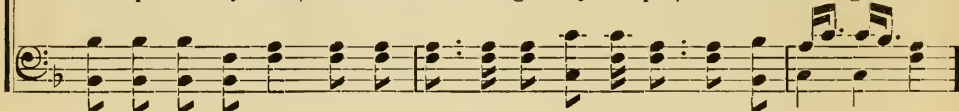
1. Once my eyes were blind to the beau - ty of the Lord, Once my ears were  
 2. Once I loved the world with its glit - ter and its show, I was cap - tive  
 3. O it is so pre - cious to be a - lone with Him, When the shad - ows



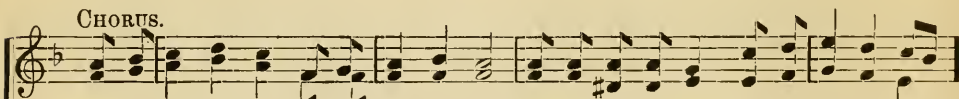
closed to the plead - ings of His word; Once these hands of mine pressed the  
 held with the pleas - ures here be - low; But one day He came, tho' I  
 fall, and my eyes with tears are dim; Just to feel His hand rest in



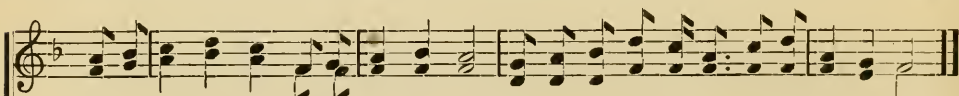
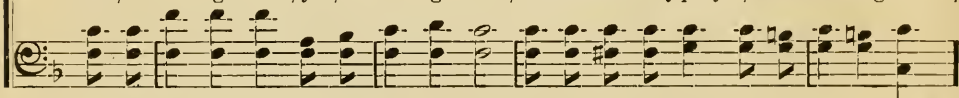
thorn - crown on His brow, But all this He has for - giv - en, and it's all right now.  
 can - not tell you how, With His blood my sins He covered, and it's all right now.  
 love up - on my brow, And to hear him gen - tly whisper, "It is all right now."



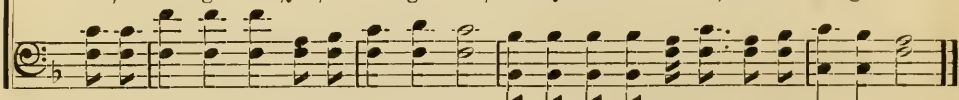
## CHORUS.



Yes, it's all right now, yes, it's all right now, He has heard my pray'r, and it's all right now;



Yes, it's all right now, yes, it's all right now, All my sins are cover'd, and it's all right now.





## No. 26.

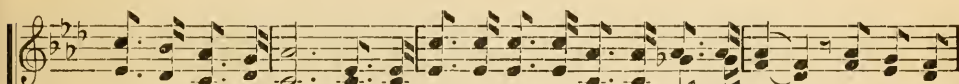
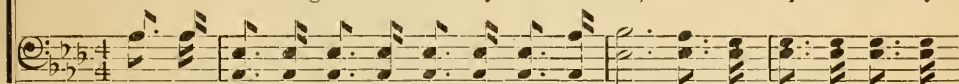
## There's a Name.

C. A. M.

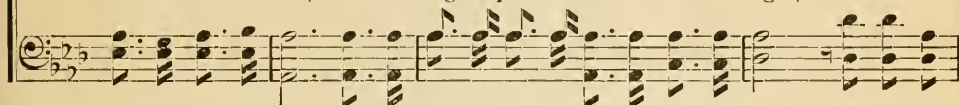
C. AUSTIN MILES.



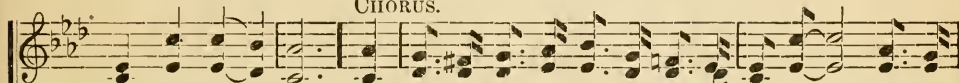
1. There's a name that makes my hap - pi - ness com - plete, That has saved my soul from
2. There's a name that turns my dark - ness in - to day, That will bring to me an
3. There's a name that gives me vic - t'ry o - ver sin, That has helped me ma - ny



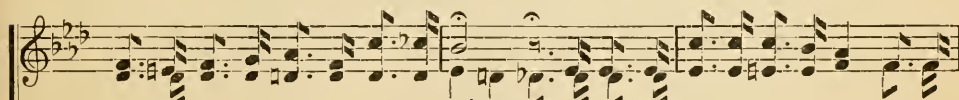
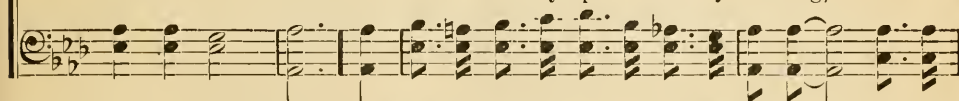
ma - ny a de - feat; 'Tis a name that turns the bitter in - to sweet, It is the  
 an - swer when I pray; 'Tis a name that takes the sting of death a - way, It is the  
 bat - tles here to win; And to sing its praises where shall I be - gin, It is the



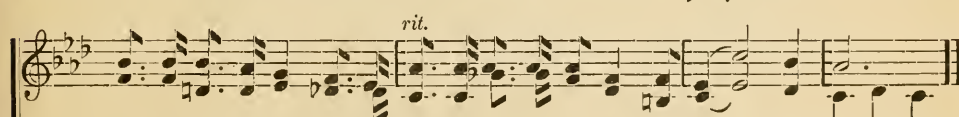
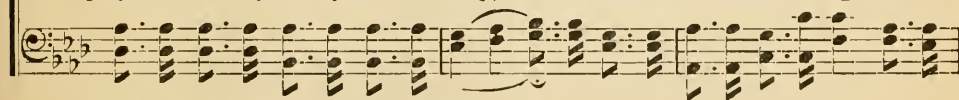
## CHORUS.



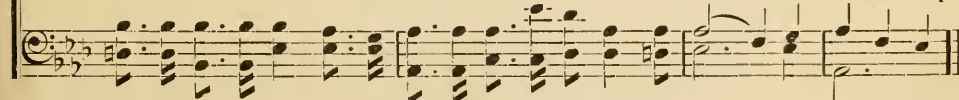
name of Je - sus. His name is on my lips in ear - ly morn - ing, In a



pray'r that He my dai - ly walk will keep, And when the shadows of the night Hide the



world far from my sight Then I breathe the name of Jesus and comes sweet sleep.



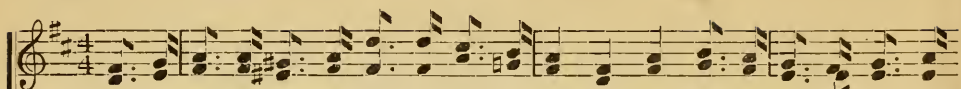
NOTE.—The Chorus, "Precious name! O how sweet!" may be added.

## No. 27.

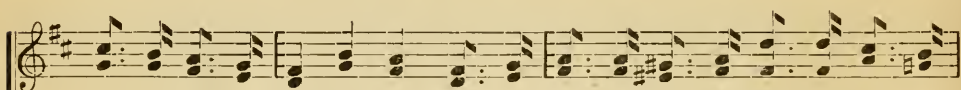
## In a Wondrous Way.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

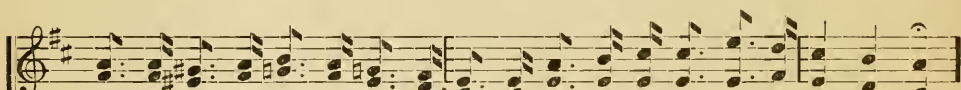
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. I have found a great sal - va - tion, in a wondrous way, By the cross, God's rev-e -  
 2. Je - sus heals the bro - ken heart-ed in a wondrous way; When all com-fort has de -  
 3. When the temper would enslave me, in a wondrous way Je - sus sends the pow'r to -  
 4. By and by He will transform me, in a wondrous way, To a high - er realm con -

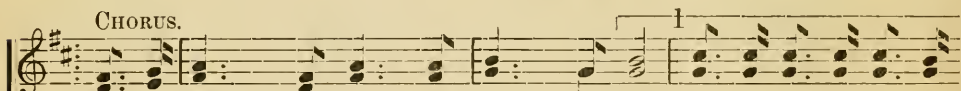


la - tion, in a wondrous way; When I came to Christ con-fess - ing All my  
 part-ed, in a wondrous way; Clos - er than a friend or broth-er, Like the  
 save me, in a wondrous way; I can trust Him to de-fend me, An - y -  
 form me in a wondrous way; Things of time can en - ter nev - er, In that

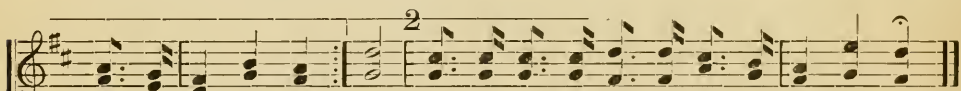


guilt, He gave the bless-ing, Now His par - don I'm possess-ing, in a wondrous way.  
 ten - der touch of moth-er, He can help you as no oth-er, in a wondrous way.  
 where that He may send me, He has promised to befriend me, in a wondrous way.  
 home my joy to sev - er, I shall dwell with Christ forev-er, in a wondrous way.

## CHORUS.



In a won - drous way, a won - drous way, Je - sus saves and keeps me  
 Yes, it is a wondrous way, yes, it is a wondrous way,



in a wondrous way, way; Je - sus saves and keeps me in a wondrous way.

## No. 28.

## Jesus, My Friend.

MARY BRAINERD SMITH.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thy hand, that once . . . . . was pierced for me, Is now out-  
 2. I turn from wan - - - d'ring far a - field, And to thy  
 3. No more, with gen - - - tly knock-ing hand, Without the

1. Thy hand, that once was pierced, was pierced for me,  
 2. I turn from wan - d'ring far a - field,  
 3. No more, with gen - tly, gen - tly knocking hand,

stretched . . . in friendship's plea; . . . My heart re- sponds, . . . O Saviour  
 lov - - ing guidance yield; . . . No more in dan - g'rous paths I  
 por - - tal shalt Thou stand; . . . My heart's closed door . . . I o - pen  
 Is now outstretched, out-stretched in friendship's plea; My heart responds, re -  
 And to Thy lov - ing, loving guidance yield; No more in dan - g'rous  
 Without the por - tal, shalt Thou, shalt Thou stand; My heart's closed door I

mine, Henceforth I walk . . . . . my hand in Thine.  
 stray, But walk with Thee, . . . . . Thy bless-ed way.  
 wide, Come Thou with-in . . . . . and there a - bide.  
 sponds, O Sav-iour mine, Henceforth I walk, I walk my hand in Thine.  
 dang'rous paths I stray, But walk with Thee, with Thee, Thy bless-ed way.  
 o - pen, o - pen wide, Come Thou with-in, with in and there a - bide.

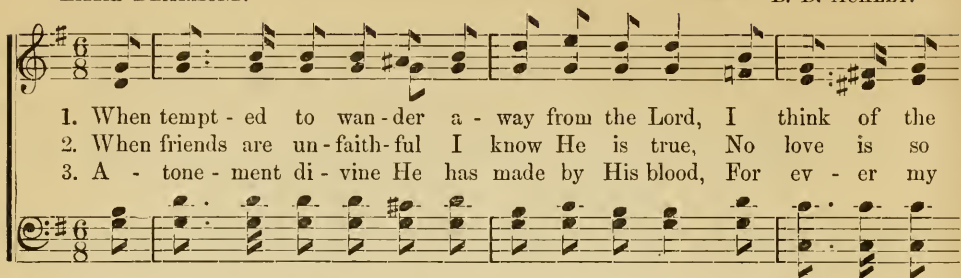
*rit.* CHORUS.  
 Je - sus, my friend, O what a friend! O what a friend! O what a  
 Je-sus, my friend, my friend,  
 friend is Je-sus! Henceforth I'll walk my hand in Thine Je-sus, my friend.  
 Je-sus, my friend, my friend.



# No. 29. The Heart that Was Broken for Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

B. D. ACKLEY.

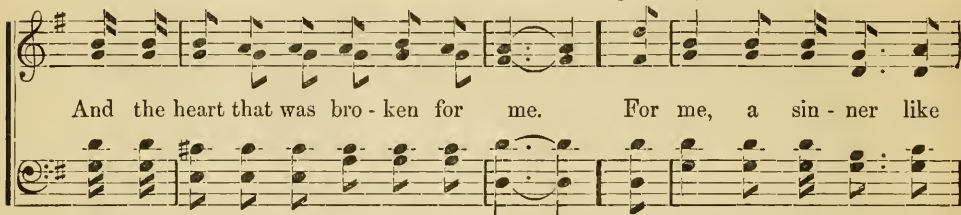


1. When tempt - ed to wan - der a - way from the Lord, I think of the  
 2. When friends are un - faith - ful I know He is true, No love is so  
 3. A - tone - ment di - vine He has made by His blood, For ev - er my

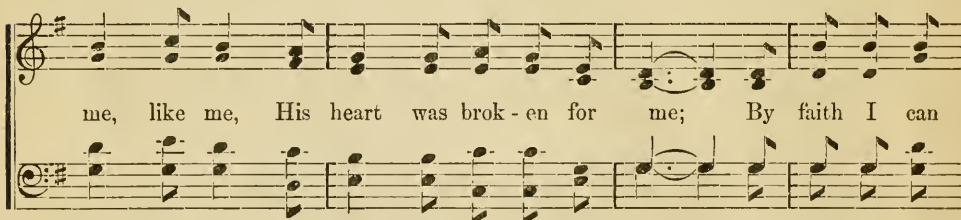


Cal - va - ry tree; Where Je - sus once suf - fer - ed my soul to re - deem,  
 full and so free; My eyes fill with tears as I dwell on my sins,  
 sto - ry shall be Of Je - sus this lov - ing Re - deem - er of mine,

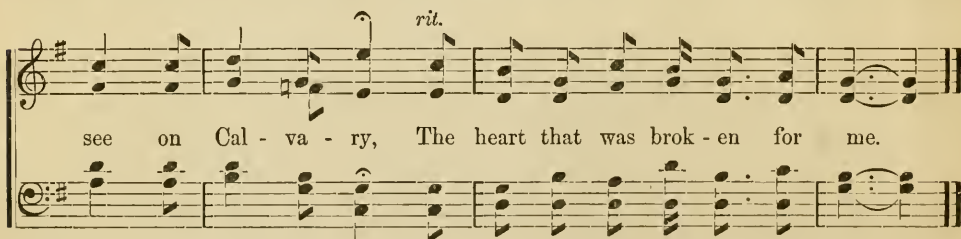
## CHORUS.



And the heart that was bro - ken for me. For me, a sin - ner like



me, like me, His heart was brok - en for me; By faith I can



see on Cal - va - ry, The heart that was brok - en for me.



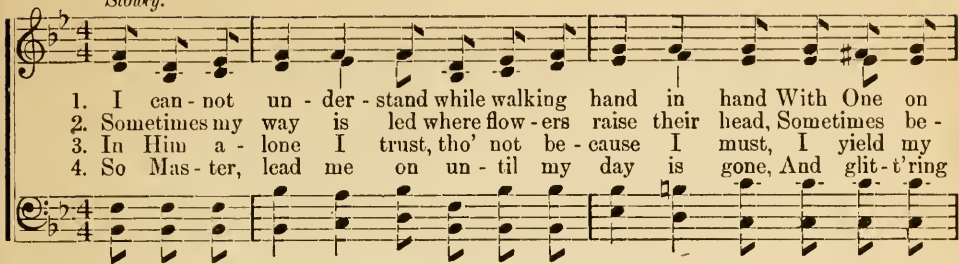
# No. 30.

# I Do not Ask Him Why.

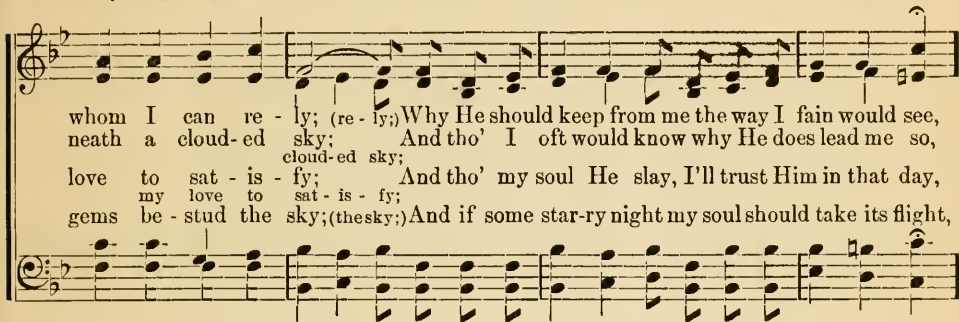
C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

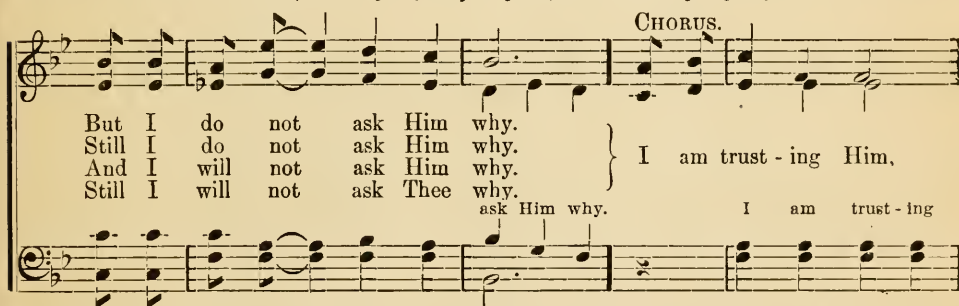
*Slowly.*



1. I can - not un - der - stand while walking hand in hand With One on  
 2. Sometimes my way is led where flow - ers raise their head, Sometimes be -  
 3. In Him a - lone I trust, tho' not be - cause I must, I yield my  
 4. So Mas - ter, lead me on un - til my day is gone, And glit - t'ring

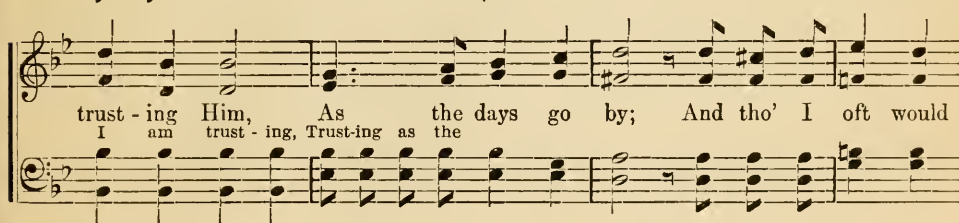


whom I can re - ly; (re - ly;) Why He should keep from me the way I fain would see,  
 neath a cloud - ed sky; And tho' I oft would know why He does lead me so,  
 love to sat - is - fy; And tho' my soul He slay, I'll trust Him in that day,  
 my love to sat - is - fy;  
 gems be - stud the sky; (thesky;) And if some star - ry night my soul should take its flight,

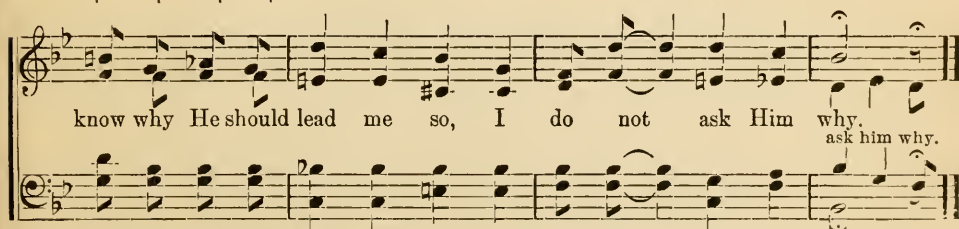


**CHORUS.**

But I do not ask Him why.  
 Still I do not ask Him why.  
 And I will not ask Him why.  
 Still I will not ask Thee why.  
 ask Him why. I am trust - ing Him,  
 I am trust - ing



trust - ing Him, As the days go by; And tho' I oft would  
 I am trust - ing, Trust - ing as the



know why He should lead me so, I do not ask Him why.  
 ask him why.

## No. 31.

## There's a Work for Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

WM. T. MEYER

1. There's a work for Je - sus, Read-y at your hand, 'Tis a task the Mas - ter  
 2. There's a work for Je - sus, Humble tho' it be, 'Tis the ver - y serv - ice  
 3. There's a work for Je - sus, Precious souls to bring, Tell them of his mer - cies,

Just for you has plann'd. Haste to do his bid-ding, Yield him serv-ice true;  
 He would ask of thee. Go where fields are whitened, And the lab'ers few;  
 Tell them of your King. Faint not, nor grow wear - y, He will strength re - new;

## CHORUS.

There's a work for Je - sus, None but you can do. Work for Je - sus,

day by day, Serve him ev - er, fal - ter never; Christ o - bey. Yield him

serv - ice loy - al, true, There's a work for Je - sus none but you can do.

## No. 32.

## Story of Old Galilee.

BENJAMIN GREENE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I am walk - ing with Je - sus, my soul is at peace, The tempter can  
 2. I am walk - ing with Je - sus, He gives me sweet rest, My bur - dens He  
 3. I am walk - ing with Je - sus, I know I am safe, While closely I  
 4. I am walk - ing with Je - sus, He loves me I know, He keeps me from

do me no harm; While I'm walk - ing with Him all the arm - ies of sin,  
 ear - ries for me; While I know He is near I'll not have an - y fear,  
 keep by His side; He's the Sav - iour di - vine and His glo - ry shall shine,  
 fall - ing each day; Since His love stood the test, in Him I ev - er rest,

*rit.* CHORUS.

Cannot cause me the slight - est a - larm.  
 For His glo - ry is all I can see.  
 Where the darkness can nev - er a - bide.  
 He's the life, He's the truth and the way.

With Je - sus I'm walk - ing, with  
 With Je - sus I'm walk - ing,

Je - sus I'm talk - ing, How sweet is His pres - ence to me; With me He is  
 And I am talk - ing, Sweet His pres - ence is to me; With me He is

dwell - ing to me He is tell - ing, The sto - ry of old Gal - i - lee.  
 dwell - ing and He is tell - ing, The sto - ry, the sto - ry of old Gal - i - lee.

Tell - ing of old Gal - i - lee.

## No. 33.

## All Things Are Mine.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. "The birds have their nests," the bless-ed Mas-ter said, "The Son of Man has  
 2. Tho' wealth I have none, I'm rich be-yond com-pare, For He who holds the  
 3. Then take all from me of earth-ly wealth or fame, You can-not take my

not the where to lay His head; How rich then am I in Him who will pro-vide, Whose  
 plan-ets in His might-y hand Has called me His son and for my ev'-ry need Now  
 share in His a-ton-ing blood, And out of the depths of pov-er-ty and woe, My

## CHORUS.

show'rs of bless-ing dai-ly on my soul are shed. }  
 holds the wealth of all the world at His com-mand. } All things are mine, I have  
 soul shall know the rich-es of a son of God. }

rich-es untold, The cat-tle on a thousand hills, the sil-ver and gold; He who is my

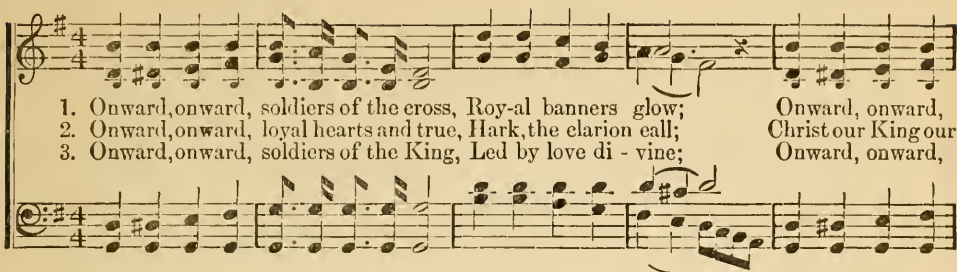
*rit.*  
 El-der Brother Owns it all, and not an-oth-er, Thro' whom I've riches in glo-ry.



# No. 34. Onward, Soldiers of the Cross.

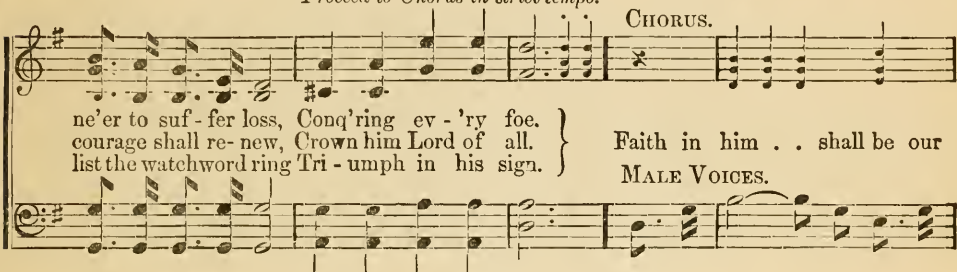
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

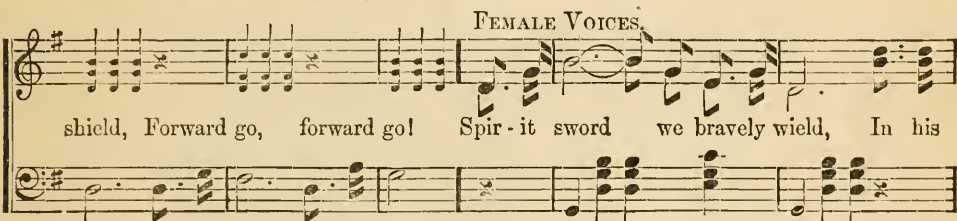


1. Onward, onward, soldiers of the cross, Roy-al banners glow;      Onward, onward,  
2. Onward, onward, loyal hearts and true, Hark, the clarion call;      Christ our King our  
3. Onward, onward, soldiers of the King, Led by love di-vine;      Onward, onward,

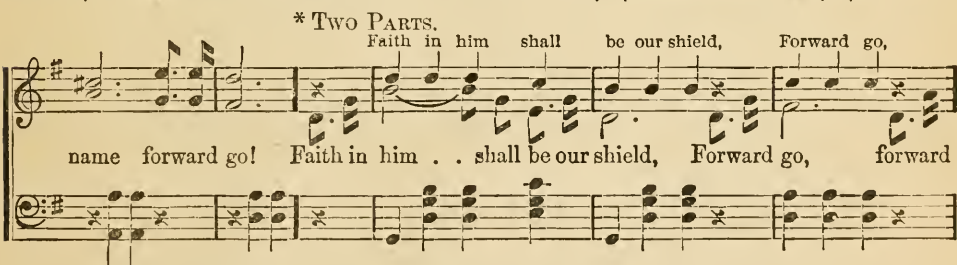
*Proceed to Chorus in strict tempo.*



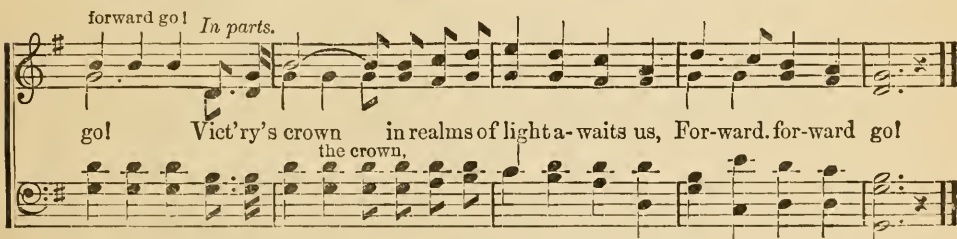
CHORUS.  
ne'er to suf-fer loss, Conq'ring ev-'ry foe. } Faith in him . . shall be our  
courage shall re-new, Crown him Lord of all. } MALE VOICES.  
list the watchword ring Tri-umph in his sign. }



FEMALE VOICES.  
shield, Forward go, forward go! Spir-it sword we bravely wield, In his



\* TWO PARTS.  
Faith in him shall be our shield, Forward go,  
name forward go! Faith in him . . shall be our shield, Forward go, forward



forward go! *In parts.*  
gol Vict'ry's crown in realms of light-a-waits us, For-ward.for-ward go!  
the crown.

\* This passage is in two parts, the male voices sing lower part of top staff, female sing upper. A little trouble in learning this piece will be amply repaid by the effect produced.

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## No. 35.

## He Loved Me So.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET.—Sop. and Tenor. (*Small notes ad lib.*)

1. The sto - ry oft we've heard, But still it ne'er grows old, How God's own  
2. A roy - al gift was He, The King from heaven's throne, And great the  
3. My all to Him I'll give, My best, my dear - est friend, Un - wor - thy

pre - cious Son, An heir to joy un - told, Once laid a - side His crown,  
price He paid, Thus to re - deem His own; "Tis finished," this He cried,  
tho' I be, I'll serve Him to the end; I'll glad - ly fol - low on,

And came to earth be - low, To save me from my lost es - tate, Be -  
With wea - ry head bent low, Then how can I my - self with - hold From  
Wher - e'er He bids me go, No sac - ri - fice can e'er re - pay My

## CHORUS.

cause He loved me so. } Him who loved me so. } He loved me so, He loved me so, I'll tell wher -  
Lord who loved me so. }

e'er I go; Heav'n's roy - al King be - came my friend, Be - cause He loved me so.

## No. 36.

## He Goeth Before Me.

MARY BRAINERD SMITH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Tho' naught of the road-way that li - eth be - fore, I see as I  
 2. Thro' pleas - ant green mead - ows my foot - path may lie, Where sweet flow - ers  
 3. The road for my feet may be toil - some and rough, And lead o'er the  
 4. So wheth - er by wa - ters re - fresh - ing I walk, Or thro' the dark

jour - ney be - low; While mists from my sight hide the Sav - iour I love,  
 elus - ter and sway; What joy just to know He has stooped as He passed,  
 mountain's wild crest; I'll fal - ter not, know - ing be - fore me His feet  
 val - ley I go; My path I may trace by His foot - prints so clear,

## CHORUS.

He go - eth be - fore me, I know.  
 And plant - ed those flow'rs by my way.  
 Each step of that path - way have pressed. } He go - eth be - fore me, I  
 He go - eth be - fore me, I know.

know, I know, He marks out the path I must tread; I jour - ney with  
 must tread;

nev - er a doubt or a fear, He go - eth be - fore, He hath said, hath said.

# No. 37.

# Lord of Galilee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—Sop. and Alto.

1. Lord of Gal - i - lee, Lord of Gal - i - lee, We Thy voice of love would now obey;  
 2. Lord of Gal - i - lee, Lord of Gal - i - lee, Sadden'd hearts to Thee for comfort came;  
 3. Lord of Gal - i - lee, Lord of Gal - i - lee, We would follow where Thy steps have trod;

And we fol-low Thee, glad-ly fol-low Thee, Where Thy loving hand shall lead the way.  
 We would helpers be, joy-ous help-ers be, Bringing cheer to others in Thy name.  
 Ev - er faithful - ly, ev - er faithful - ly, For the path of serv-ice leads to God.

## \*TWO-PART CHORUS.

We follow on,

We follow on,

Thy call with joy we will o - bey;

Then on, Then on, Thy call . . . . with joy o - bey;

We follow on,

We follow on,

With joy we go where Thou hast trod.

Then on, Then on, With joy . . . . where Thou hast trod.

## SOP. AND ALTO.

Then on, . . . . we fol-low on,

Thy call . . . . with joy o - bey;

MALE VOICES.

\* The Alto and Male voices sing the lower notes of top staff. Soprano sing small notes of top staff.



# Lord of Galilee.—Concluded.

**TWO-PART.** We follow on, We follow on,  
Then on, Then on, Paths of serv-ice ev - er lead to God.

## No. 38. One Moment in Heaven.

G. P. HOLT.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor. (*Small notes if Sop. and Alto.*)

1. One moment will heal all thy sor - row, One moment in heav-en a - bove;  
2. One moment with Him in His glo - ry Will ban-ish the mem'-ry of pain;  
3. One moment shall end all thy sad - ness, When splendors of heav-en un - fold;

O joy-ous the thought of that mor - row, To be with the Lord whom we love.  
O sweet is the won - der - ful sto - ry Of joys that for - ev - er re - main.  
One moment brings rapture and glad - ness, The King ev - er - more to be - hold.

**CHORUS.** *cres.*  
One mo - ment, . . . one mo - ment, . . . The won - der - ful gift of God's love;  
*One moment, one moment,*

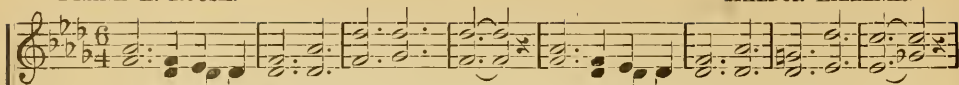
*rall.*  
One moment where sorrow and sighing are o'er, One moment in heav-en a - bove.

## No. 39.

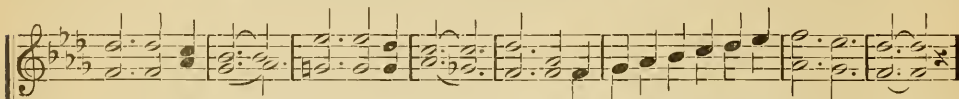
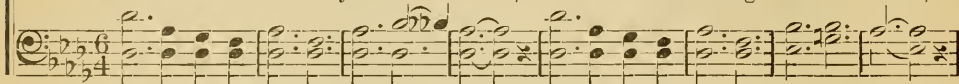
## Crown Jesus King.

FRANK E. ROUSH.

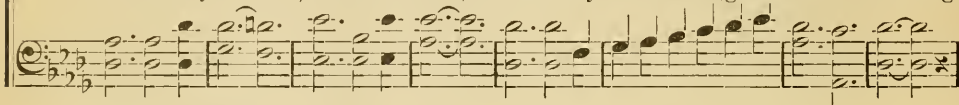
HALDOR LILLENAS.



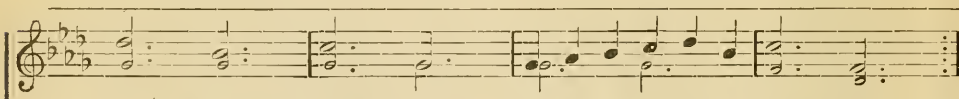
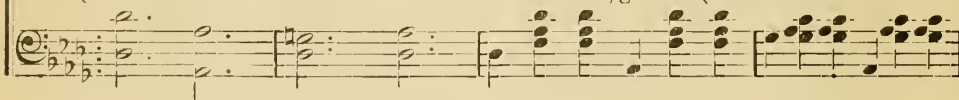
1. Crown Jesus your Saviour, Lord and King, Now to Him your homage gladly bring;
2. This wonder-ful Saviour, Prince of Peace, His heaven-ly reign shall nev-er cease;
3. He died on the cross of Cal-va-ry, He brought you His peace and liber-ty;
4. We'll know Him as we by Him are known, In heaven around His great white throne;



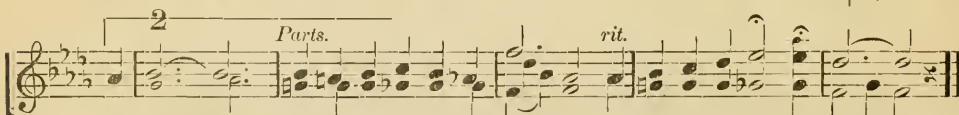
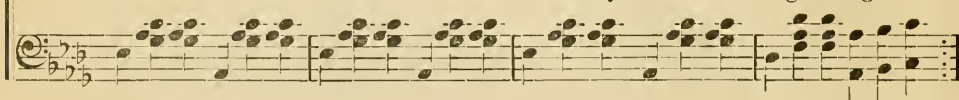
He who was slain liv-eth a - gain, Crown Him your erucified, glorified Lord and King!  
 Crown Him your King while angels sing, Crown Him your erucified, glorified Lord and King!  
 Crown Him to-day, do not de - lay, Crown Him your erucified, glorified Lord and King!  
 Crown Him your Lord, win His re - ward, Crown Him your erucified, glorified Lord and King!

CHORUS. *Unison.*

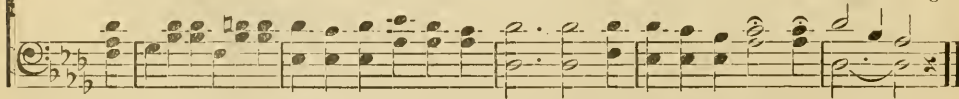
{ Crown Him! Crown Him! High-est arch-an - gels are sing - ing;  
 { Crown Him! Crown Him! Cru - ci - fied, glo - ri - (Omit.....)



Crown Him! Crown Him! Heav-en-ly anthems are ring - ing.



fied King! Glo-ry to God in the high-est! E - ternally crown Him King!  
 crown Him King!



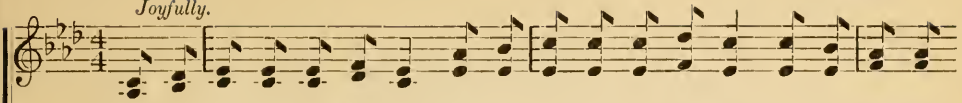
No. 40.

The Harvest Home.

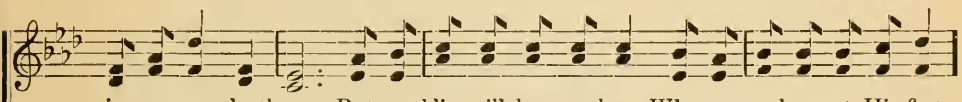
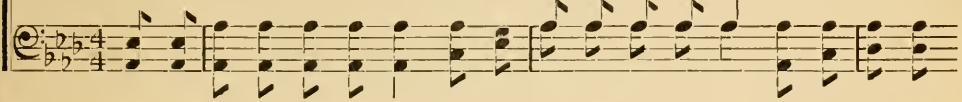
L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

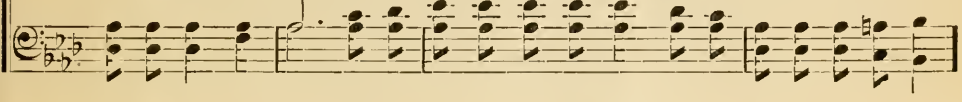
*Joyfully.*



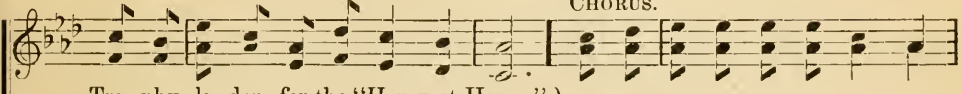
- 1. Oft our voices here we raise, Singing songs of joyful praise, To the Lamb who
- 2. With the dear ones gathered in, From the fields all rife with sin, From His presence
- 3. What a greeting there will be, When our loved ones we shall see, And the Christ who



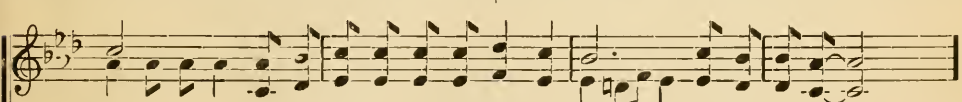
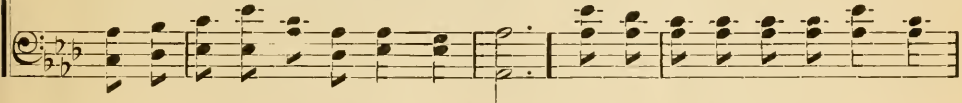
sits up-on the throne; But our bliss will be complete, When we gath-er at His feet,  
nev-er more to roam; We will lay our burdens down, And re-ceive a star-ry crown,  
for our sins a-toned; There in bless-ed har-mo-n-y, Safe with them we'll ever be,



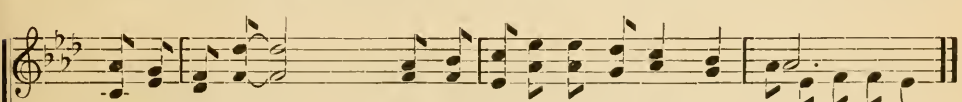
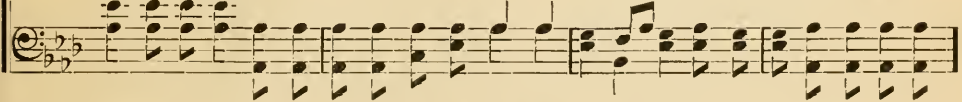
CHORUS.



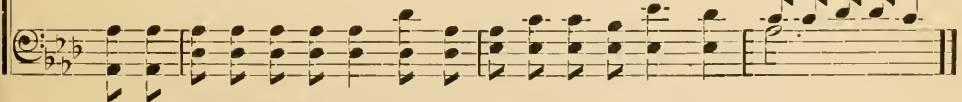
Tro-phy-la-den for the "Har-vest Home." }  
When we gath-er at the "Har-vest Home." } I'll be read-y for the "Har-vest  
In a nev-er-end-ing "Har-vest Home." }



Home," I am waiting for the King to come; What a meet-ing!  
"Harvest Home," to come; What a meeting that will be,



Bless-ed meet-ing! When we gath-er at the "Har-vest Home."  
Of the hosts from sin set free, the "Harvest Home."



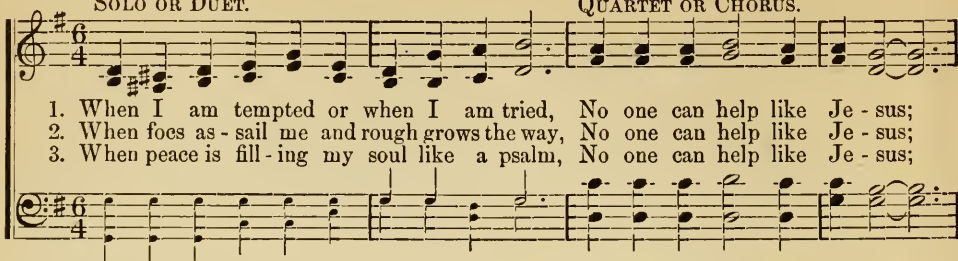
# No. 41. No One Can Help Like Jesus.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO OR DUET.

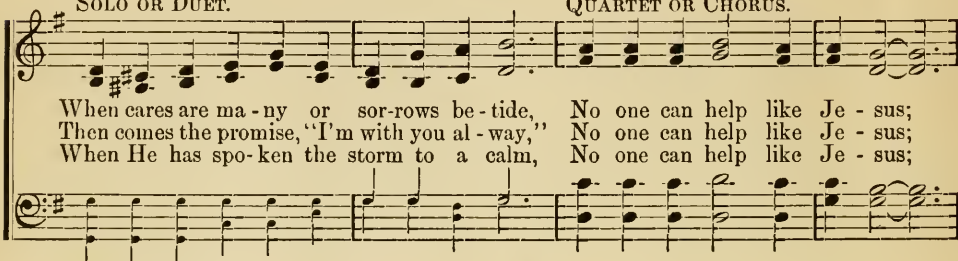
QUARTET OR CHORUS.



1. When I am tempted or when I am tried, No one can help like Je - sus;  
 2. When foes as - sail me and rough grows the way, No one can help like Je - sus;  
 3. When peace is fill - ing my soul like a psalm, No one can help like Je - sus;

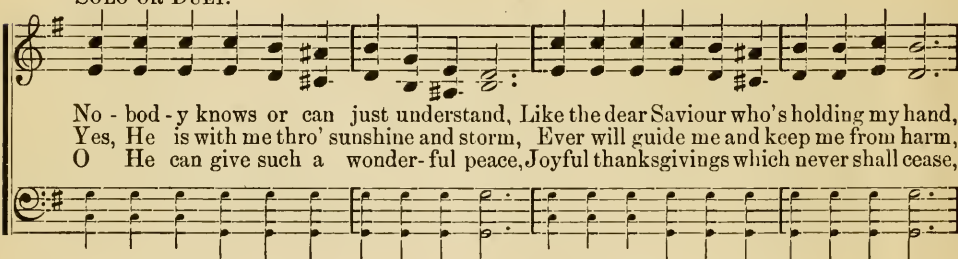
SOLO OR DUET.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.



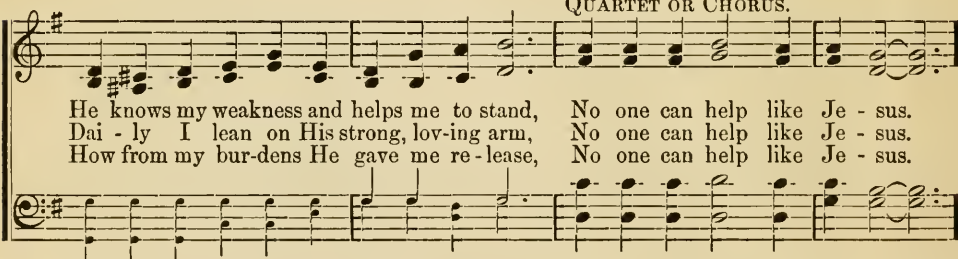
When cares are ma - ny or sor - rows be - tide, No one can help like Je - sus;  
 Then comes the promise, "I'm with you al - way," No one can help like Je - sus;  
 When He has spo - ken the storm to a calm, No one can help like Je - sus;

SOLO OR DUET.



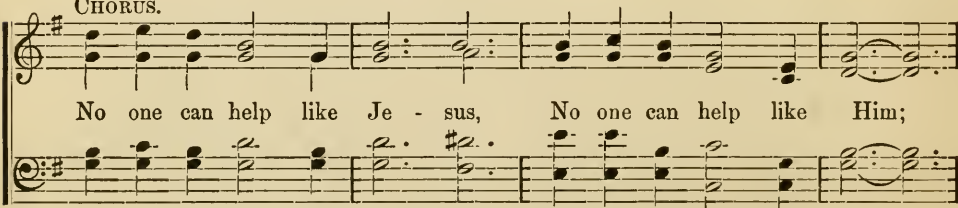
No - bod - y knows or can just understand, Like the dear Saviour who's holding my hand,  
 Yes, He is with me thro' sunshine and storm, Ever will guide me and keep me from harm,  
 O He can give such a won - der - ful peace, Joyful thanksgivings which never shall cease,

QUARTET OR CHORUS.



He knows my weakness and helps me to stand, No one can help like Je - sus.  
 Dai - ly I lean on His strong, lov - ing arm, No one can help like Je - sus.  
 How from my bur - dens He gave me re - lease, No one can help like Je - sus.

CHORUS.



No one can help like Je - sus, No one can help like Him;



# No One Can Help Like Jesus.—Concluded.

He on - ly knows my sor - rows and woes, No one can help like Je - sus.

## No. 42. I Strive to Walk the Narrow Way.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

E. ALONZO CASSELBERRY.

1. I strive to walk the nar - row way, To live near Je - sus ev - 'ry day;  
2. His voice re - calls my err - ing soul, And yield - ing all to His con - trol,  
3. I seek my Lord on bend - ed knee, His sav - ing grace my on - ly plea,

To Him each try - ing hour I pray For sav - ing, keep - ing grace. (His grace.)  
I feel His glo - ry o'er me roll, The glo - ry of His grace. (His grace.)  
And then, thro' tear - dimm'd eyes I see The glo - ry of His face. (His face.)

### CHORUS.

O what won - der - ful grace! . . . . O what won - der - ful grace! . . . .  
won - der - ful grace! won - der - ful grace!

For my ev - 'ry need I see There's grace e - nough for me. e - ven me.

## No. 43.

## Gospel Army.

BENJAMIN GREENE.

RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES.

1. Do you hear the noise of bat-tle, As it strikes up-on your ear, As the  
 2. Do you hear the song of triumph, As the foes are put to flight, And the  
 3. Do you hear the clang of arm-or, As their foe they now sub-due, While their  
 4. Do you see them press-ing for-ward To old Jor-dan's sul-len stream, Where they

might-y host ad-vanc-es for the fray? Do you see the shin-ing ban-ners,  
 chari-ot of sal-va-tion rolls a-long? See the grand old gos-pel ar-my,  
 hel-mets of sal-va-tion brightly shine? In the name of might-y Je-sus  
 see the fields of Ca-naan from the shore? Do you hear the trum-pet sounding,

As the ar-my draweth near, Who are fight-ing for King Je-sus day by day?  
 With their robes all clean and white, While His praise and ad-o-ra-tion is their song.  
 This great fight they still re-new, In ac-cordance with God's ho-ly word di-vine,  
 And ce-lestial glo-ry gleam, As they cross to be with Je-sus ev-er-more?

## CHORUS.

Do you hear the vic-tor's song, As the ar-my moves a-long, While the

ban-ner of the cross on high they wave? They are work-ing for the Lord, In ac-

## Gospel Army.—Concluded.

cord - ance with His word, And the souls that are in bond age they will save.

## No. 44. Lead Me All the Way.

G. P. E.

GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

1. When I'm weak, and Satan would deceive me, When my wea-ry, erring feet would stray,  
2. When the way seems dark, and foes as-sail me, Sav-iour be my comfort and my stay,  
3. And at last, when death shall over-take me, Be thou near, O! Saviour then I pray,

Be Thou near O! Saviour do not leave me, Be Thou near and lead me all the way.  
Be Thou near, tho' other friends should fail me, Be Thou near and lead me all the way.  
Keep me safe till morning, then a-wake me; Lead me on, O! lead me all the way.

### CHORUS.

All the way . . . dear Saviour lead me, Be my con - stant guide I pray;  
All the way Be my constant I pray;

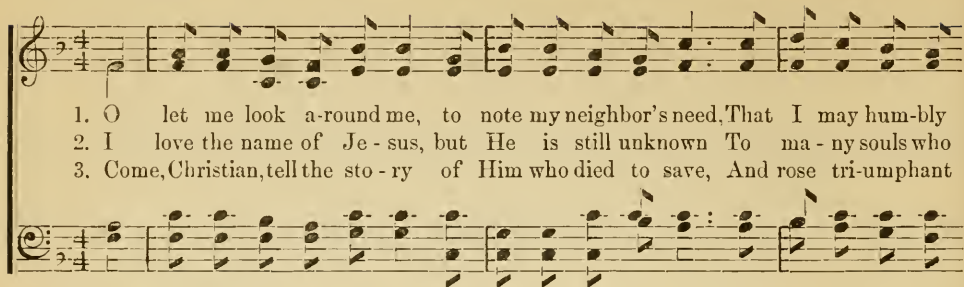
All the way lest strength should fail me, Lead me, Saviour, lead me all the way.  
All the way all the way.



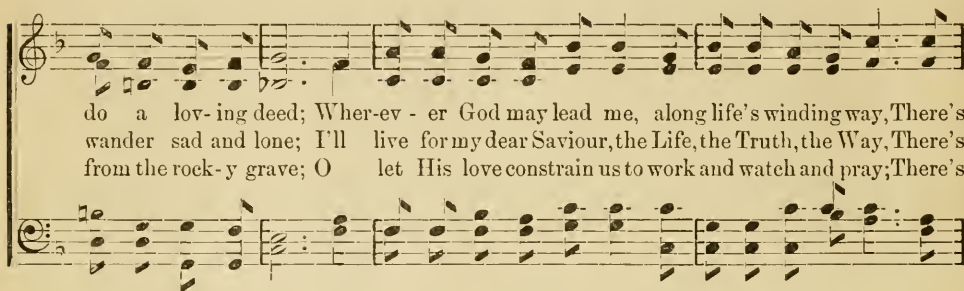
# No. 45.      Some One I Must Help To-day.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

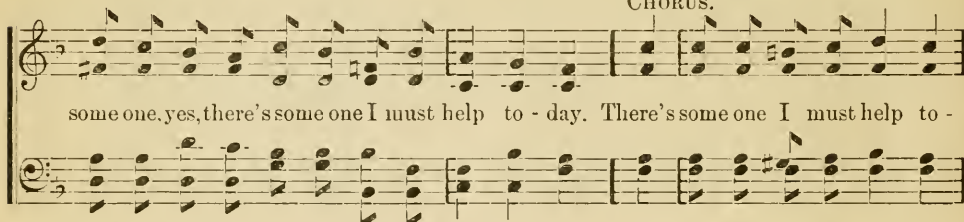


1. O let me look a-round me, to note my neighbor's need, That I may hum-bly  
 2. I love the name of Je-sus, but He is still unknown To ma-ny souls who  
 3. Come, Christian, tell the sto-ry of Him who died to save, And rose tri-umphant

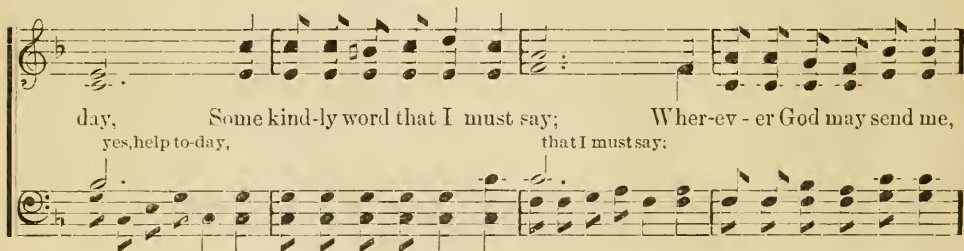


do a lov-ing deed; Wher-ev - er God may lead me, along life's winding way, There's  
 wander sad and lone; I'll live for my dear Saviour, the Life, the Truth, the Way, There's  
 from the rock-y grave; O let His love constrain us to work and watch and pray; There's

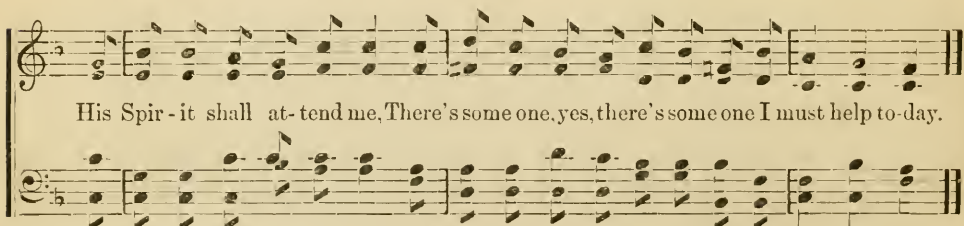
## CHORUS.



some one, yes, there's some one I must help to - day. There's some one I must help to -



day,      Some kind-ly word that I must say;      Wher-ev - er God may send me,  
 yes, help to-day,      that I must say;



His Spir-it shall at-tend me, There's some one, yes, there's some one I must help to-day.

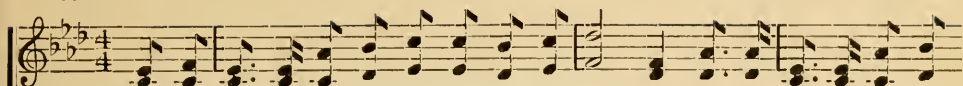


## No. 46.

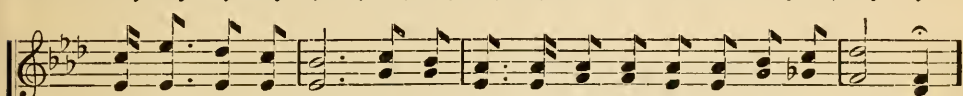
## He Holds Me.

J. C. H.

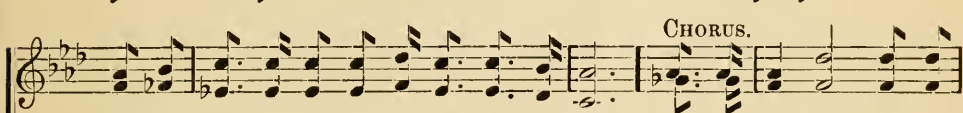
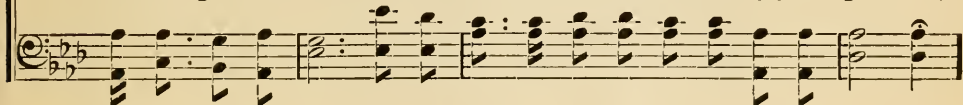
J. C. HITCHCOCK.



1. Tho' I fal-ter and am weak God's hand still holds me, Yes, He holds me in the
2. Ma - ny times the tempter's voice is heard be-hind me, Bid-ding me to join His
3. I am pray-ing that some day I may be a - ble Just to reach those heights be-
4. Then some day a-round my Father's throne in glo - ry I shall meet my loved ones



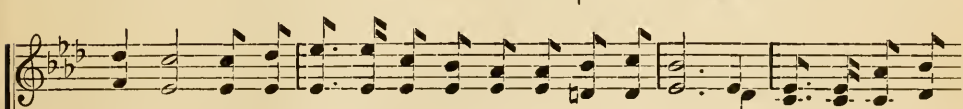
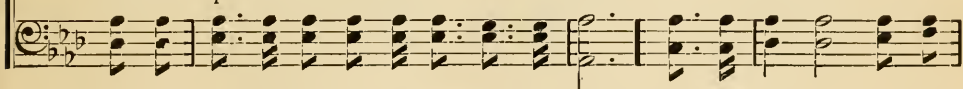
hol - low of His hand; Tho' my faith at times may wav - er and dis - tress me,  
 faith-less, sin - ful band, Then I go in haste to Je - sus and He holds me,  
 yond the tempter's pow'r, When I'll rise a - bove the world and its temp - ta - tion,  
 on the gold - en strand, How my hap - py heart will leap with joy and glad - ness;



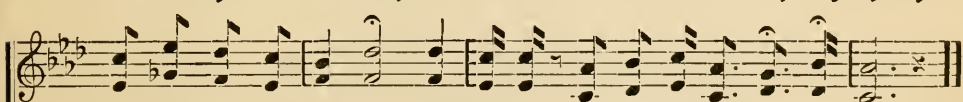
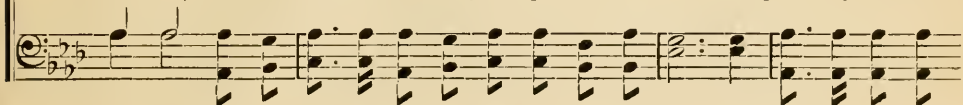
## CHORUS.

Yet He holds me in the hol-low of His hand.  
 Yes, He holds me in the hol-low of His hand.  
 Trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.  
 That He kept me in the hol-low of His hand.

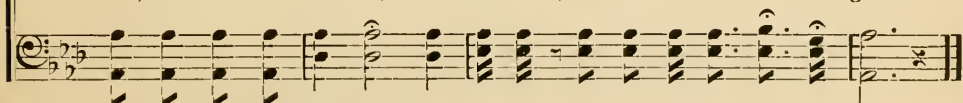
Still He holds me, yes, He



holds me, Tho' the waves of doubt may sweep me to and fro; I place my hand in



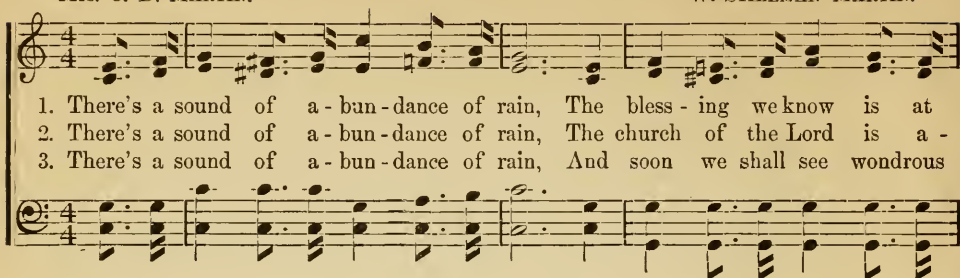
His, He draws me clos - er, I trust Him, for He will not let me go.



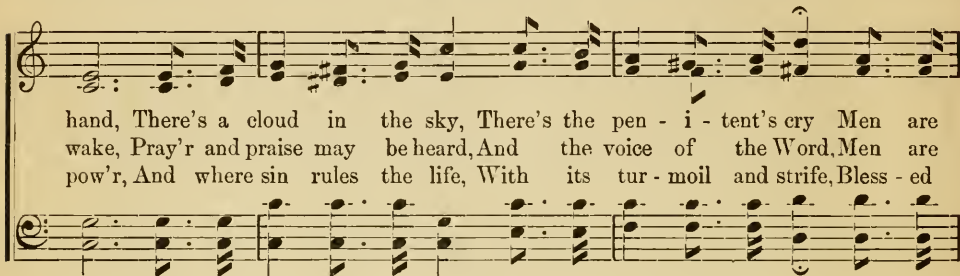
# No. 47. A Sound of Abundance of Rain.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

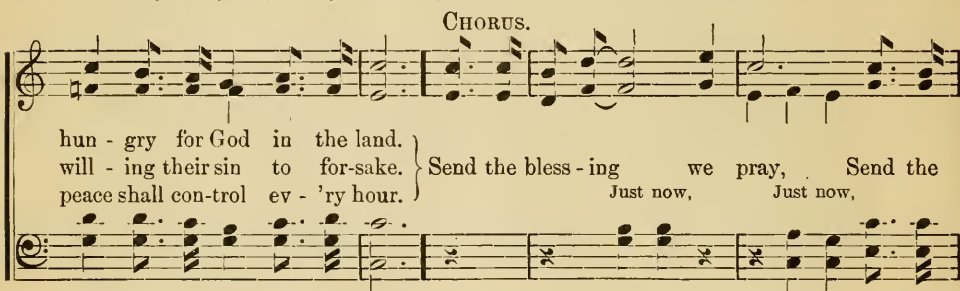


1. There's a sound of a - bun - dance of rain, The bless - ing we know is at  
 2. There's a sound of a - bun - dance of rain, The church of the Lord is a -  
 3. There's a sound of a - bun - dance of rain, And soon we shall see wondrous

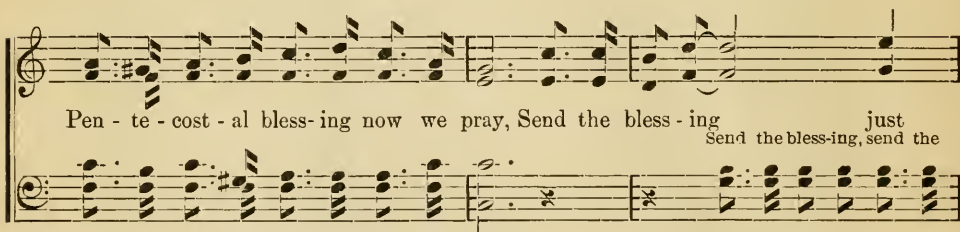


hand, There's a cloud in the sky, There's the pen - i - tent's cry Men are  
 wake, Pray'r and praise may be heard, And the voice of the Word, Men are  
 pow'r, And where sin rules the life, With its tur - moil and strife, Bless - ed

CHORUS.

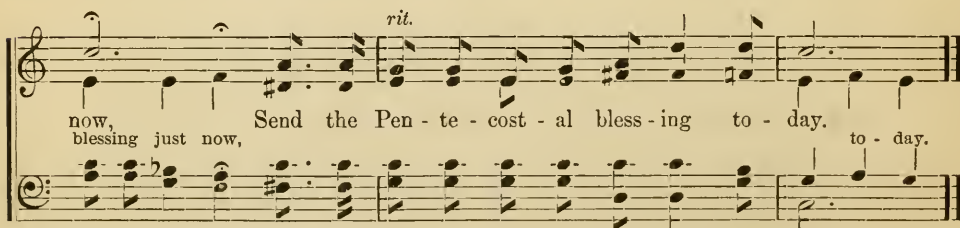


hun - gry for God in the land.  
 will - ing their sin to for-sake. } Send the bless - ing we pray, Send the  
 peace shall con-trol ev - 'ry hour. } Just now, Just now,



Pen - te - cost - al bless-ing now we pray, Send the bless - ing just  
 Send the bless-ing, send the

*rit.*



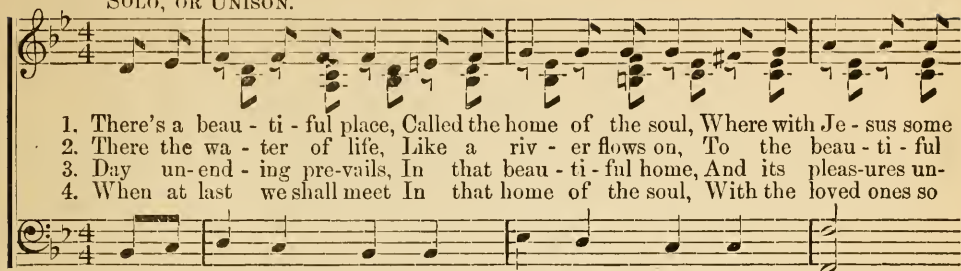
now, Send the Pen - te - cost - al bless - ing to - day. to - day.  
 blessing just now,

# No. 48. That Beautiful Home.

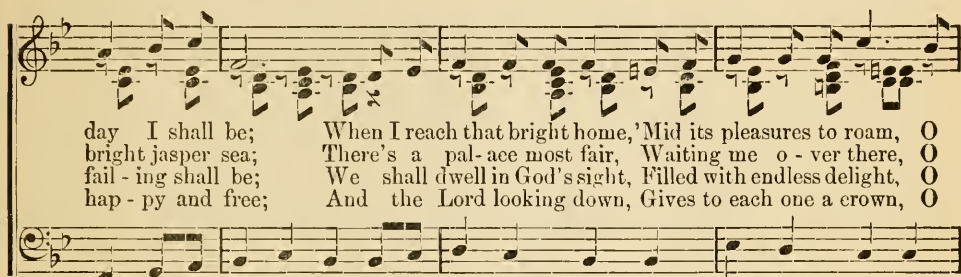
Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

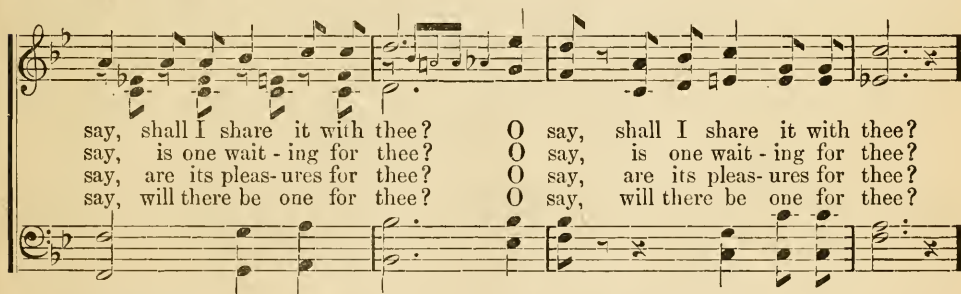
SOLO, OR UNISON.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful place, Called the home of the soul, Where with Je - sus some  
 2. There the wa - ter of life, Like a riv - er flows on, To the beau - ti - ful  
 3. Day un - end - ing pre - vails, In that beau - ti - ful home, And its pleas - ures un -  
 4. When at last we shall meet In that home of the soul, With the loved ones so



day I shall be; When I reach that bright home, 'Mid its pleasures to roam, O  
 bright jasper sea; There's a pal - ace most fair, Waiting me o - ver there, O  
 fail - ing shall be; We shall dwell in God's sight, Filled with endless delight, O  
 hap - py and free; And the Lord looking down, Gives to each one a crown, O

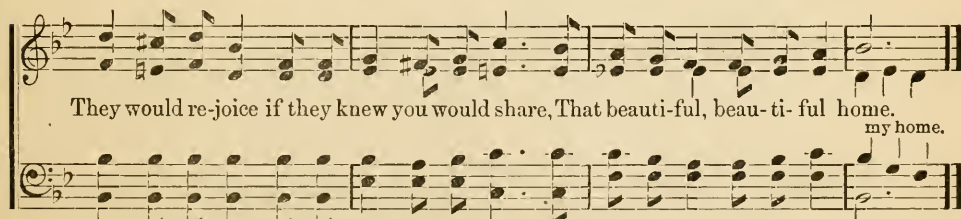


say, shall I share it with thee? O say, shall I share it with thee?  
 say, is one wait - ing for thee? O say, is one wait - ing for thee?  
 say, are its pleas - ures for thee? O say, are its pleas - ures for thee?  
 say, will there be one for thee? O say, will there be one for thee?

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful home, bright and fair, Loved ones are waiting o - ver there;  
 bright and fair, o - ver there;



They would re - joice if they knew you would share, That beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.  
 my home.

## No. 49.

## More Than I Can Pay.

JAMES ROWE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. There's a pre-cious Friend called Je - sus of whose praise I sing, For He  
 2. In the hour of pain and trou - ble He is al - ways nigh, And a -  
 3. He His all has free - ly giv - en just to win my love, And has

sends me ma - ny bless - ings ev - 'ry day; Tho' with joy to His dear al - tar  
 mid the storm His words my fears al - lay; When the en - e - my ap - proaches  
 prom - ised to be with me all the way; I'm pre - par - ing now to praise Him

now my all I bring, Still I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.  
 I on Him re - ly, O, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.  
 in the world a - bove, O, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.

## CHORUS.

Yes, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay, Yet He sends me ma - ny

bless - ings ev - 'ry day; ev - 'ry day; He's the dear - est friend of all, for He



# More Than I Can Pay.—Concluded.

answers when I call, Yes, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.

## No. 50.

## He Knows.

MARY BRAINERD SMITH.

ADAM GEBEL.

1. Has the day brought hurt and sor - row, Thou a - lone must bear?  
 2. Have the hours brought sore pre - plex - ings, Doubts, with no re - ply?  
 3. Have the long night-watch - es brought thee Pain, thy frame that rends?  
 4. Have the years brought cares and bur - dens, Anx - ious, dost thou fear?

Nay, there stand - eth One be - side thee, All thy griefs to share.  
 Think not, there is none re - gard - eth; Lo, He stand - eth by.  
 Ah, re - mem - ber, close a - bove thee, Ten - der - ly He bends.  
 Know then, He, the Bur - den - bear - er, Now is stand - ing near.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus knows ev - 'ry bur - den and tri - al, And comfort divine He prepares. (prepares.)

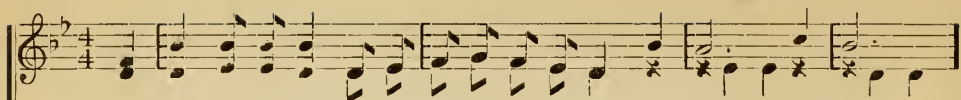
That Friend, who will never for - sake thee, He knows, yes He knows and He cares.  
 He cares.

# No. 51.

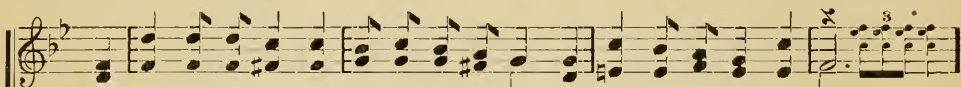
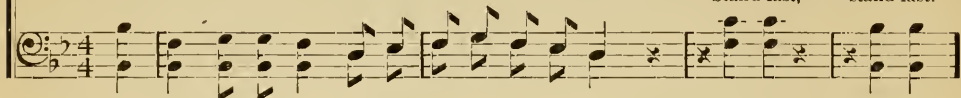
# Stand Fast.

H. L.

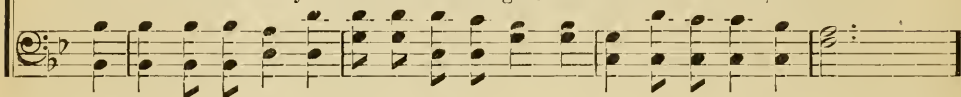
HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. Stand fast in the Lord and the pow-er of His might, Stand fast, stand fast!  
 2. Stand fast in the Lord and the pow-er of His might, Stand fast, stand fast!  
 3. Stand fast in the Lord and the pow-er of His might, Stand fast, stand fast!  
 Stand fast, stand fast!



Stand fast in the Lord and bat-tle for the right, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!  
 Press on, as He calls, by faith and not by sight, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!  
 Be - neath cloudless sky or in the darkest night, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!



DUET.

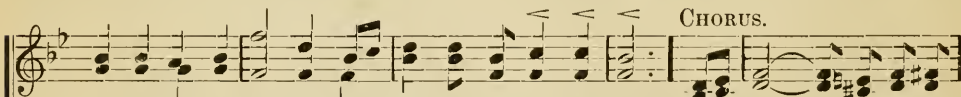
Parts.



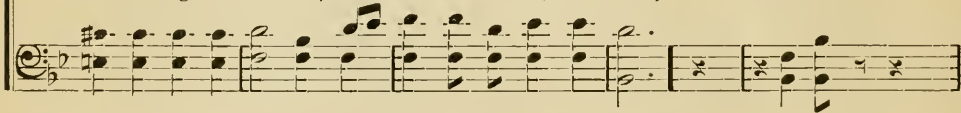
In the con-flict fierce-ly wag - ing, 'Gainst the pow'rs of sin en - gag - ing, Tho' the  
 In the time of fierce tempta - tion, You are free from condem - na - tion, If you  
 In the time of great-est sor - row, From Him com-fort you can bor - row, Soon will



CHORUS.



en - e-my be rag-ing, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast! Stand fast . . . un-til the  
 have God's approbation, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!  
 dawn the bright to-morrow, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast! } Stand fast



last, Ev - er - more a loy - al sol-dier be; . . . Nev - er  
 un - til the last, stand fast;



## Stand Fast.—Concluded.

yield . . . nev - er yield un - til the field the bat - tie - field Shall ring with glorious shouts of vic - to -  
 ry; of vic - to - ry; Stand fast . . . un - til at last un - til at last You may lay your arm - or  
 down, And from Christ the Lord, As your own great reward, You receive the victor's crown.

## No. 52.

## I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

*D. C. Chorus.*  
 O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to the, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

## No. 53.

## Think What it Cost.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. Think what it cost to re-deem fall-en man, Think of it calm-ly, O soul, if you can;  
 2. Think what it cost when the King left His throne, Came to this world, uninvited, a - lone;  
 3. Think what it cost to the Saviour who came, Baring His head to our sor- row and shame;

In - fi - nite love came to earth from a - bove, That's what it cost, that's what it cost.  
 Look at Him now with His thorn-pierc-ed brow, That's what it cost, that's what it cost.  
 High on the tree hung the dear Lord for me, That's what it cost, that's what it cost.

*f* CHORUS.

Think . . . . what it cost, . . . . Think . . . . what it cost, . . . .  
 Think what it cost, think what it cost, Think what it cost, think what it cost,

God . . . . was not will - - ing thy soul . . . . should be lost; . . . .  
 God was not will-ing thy soul should be lost, God was not will-ing thy soul should be lost;

*f*

The dear . . . . Son of God . . . . poured out . . . . His life-blood, . . . .  
 That's what it cost, that's what it cost, That's what it cost, that's what it cost,



# Think What it Cost.—Concluded.

That's . . . what it cost, . . . That's . . . what it cost.  
 That's what it cost, that's what it cost, That's what it cost, that's what it cost.

## No. 54.

L. S. L.

## Remembered No More.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. When Christ sweetly came my soul to reclaim, He banished my sins a-way; (a-way;)  
 2. My life was so drear till Je sus came near, And showed me His face di-vine; (di-vine;)  
 3. Re-member'd no more, repeat o'er and o'er The won-der-ful sto-ry true; (so true;)

Safe under the blood, the sin-cleansing flood, He cast them for-ev-er to stay. (yes, to stay.)  
 Then over my soul I gave Him control, When softly He said "Thou art mine." (wholly mine.)  
 O make Him your choice, you'll ever rejoice, He'll be such a Saviour to you. (yes, to you.)

### CHORUS.

Re-member'd no more for-ev-er, Thy sins are re-member'd no more; no more;

They're un-der the blood, the life-giv-ing flood, My sins are remember'd no more. no more.

## No. 55.

## Come Back to Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.  
SOLO, OR UNISON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I heard my Mas - ter gen - tly say, "Come back to Me, come back to Me;" Tho'  
2. Tho' I had strayed, His voice I heard, "Come back to Me, come back to Me;" Could  
3. I slight-ed Him, He called me still, "Come back to Me, come back to Me;" How

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
thou hast left My cho - sen way, "Come back, come back to Me." Tho' I had left my  
I re - ject His loving word? "Come back, come back to Me." My sorrows He had  
sweet it is to do His will, Lord, I come back to Thee. Now bid my ev - 'ry

Friend so true, And lost the joy that once I knew, He call'd in love and  
helped me bear, He kept me in His ten - der care, To plead for par - don  
fear de - part, And give me peace with - in my heart, I'll nev - er - more from

*rit.* CHORUS.  
pi - ty too, "Come back, come back to Me." Come back, . . . . . come  
do I dare? "Come back, come back to Me." }  
Thee de - part, Lord, I have come to Thee. } Yes, Lord, I'll come,

back, Thy lov - ing voice no lon - ger pleads in vain; I'll seek Thy lov - ing  
Yes, Lord, I'll come,

# Come Back to Me.—Concluded.

arms a - gain; Come back, Yes, Lord, I'll come, come back. Yes, Lord, I'll come.

## No. 56.

## He is True.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

MARIE DEFORREST.

1. To my soul Christ came with heal - ing, Bring - ing peace I nev - er knew;  
 2. When temp - ta - tions o - ver - take me, And my friends are cold and few,  
 3. When 'tis dark, what does it mat - ter, Tho' the clouds ob - scure my view,  
 4. So I thank Him for sal - va - tion, That can all my soul re - new,

Won - drous truth to me re - veal - ing, Oth - ers fail but He is true.  
 When I fall He'll not for - sake me, Oth - ers fail but He is true.  
 At His word my troub - les scat - ter, Oth - ers fail but He is true.  
 Bind - ing me in close re - la - tion To His heart, for He is true.

### CHORUS.

He is true, when shadows veil me, He is true, when foes as - sail me,  
 He is true, when shadows veil me, He is true, when foes as - sail me,

He is true, tho' oth - ers fail me, He is true, yes, He is true.  
 He is true, tho' oth - ers fail me, He is true,

## No. 57.

## Trusting in the Saviour.

LIDA S. LEECH.  
*Soprano & Alto.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Trusting in the Sav-iour, O 'tis wondrous sweet; Just to feel his presence,  
2. Trusting in the Sav-iour, we can nev-er fail; 'Gainst the pow'rs of darkness,  
3. O-ver hill and val-ley, swells the glad re - frain. Of his love and mer-cy,

worship at his feet. Thro' the passing moments, singing joyful praise, Un-to him who  
we will e'er prevail. For his mighty pow-er, ev - er is the same, And he'll ne'er for-  
ev - er more the same. Precious friend, and Saviour, with our hand in thine, We can never

CHORUS. *Two parts. (Molloy.)*

ev-er, crowns with love our days. } Trusting in the Saviour, O 'tis wondrous sweet,  
sake us, praise O praise his name. }  
fal-ter, held by love Di-vine. }

Just to have him with us, wor-ship at his feet, Trusting in the Saviour, thro' each passing

*Parts.* day, Just to feel his presence, with us al - way, Yes with us al - way. *rit.*



# No. 58.

# Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

HENRY TUCKER.  
Arr. by J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And  
2. Just as I am poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es heal-ing of the mind, Yea,

that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! Just as I am, and  
all I need, in Thee I find, O Lamb of God I come! I come! Just as I am, Thou

wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot. To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O  
wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I be-lieve, O

Lamb of God, I come! I come! Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict,  
Lamb of God, I come! I come! Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath broken ev-'ry

many a doubt, Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
barrier down; Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

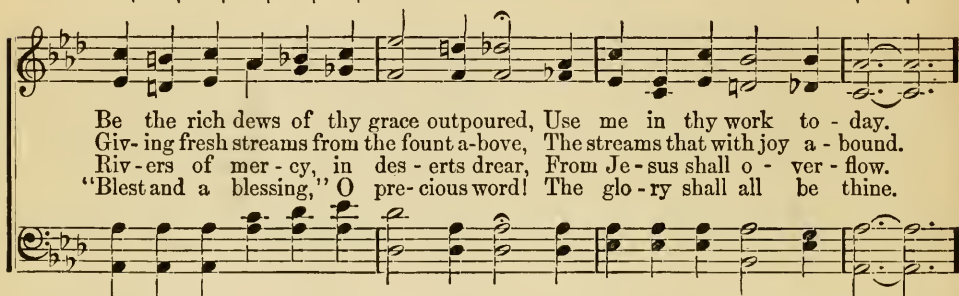
# No. 59. Make Me a Channel of Blessing, Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

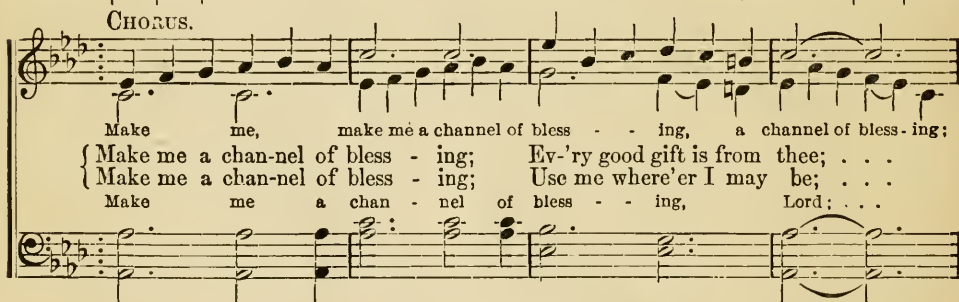


1. Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, Lord; Use me, dear Saviour, I pray;  
 2. Make me a chan-nel of kind-ly love, Comfort-ing oth-ers a-round;  
 3. Make me a chan-nel of sun-ny cheer, Sing-ing of thee as I go;  
 4. Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, Lord; This is thy promise di-vine:



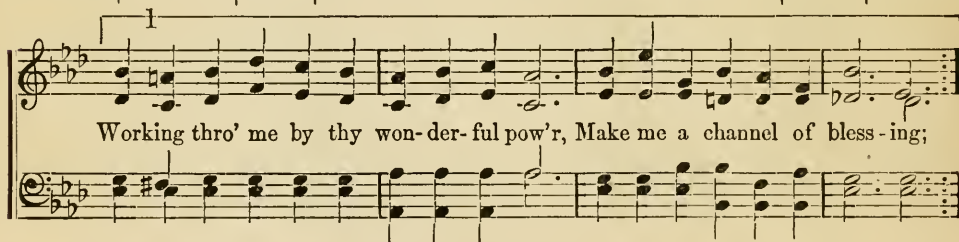
Be the rich dews of thy grace outpoured, Use me in thy work to-day.  
 Giv-ing fresh streams from the fount a-bove, The streams that with joy a-bound.  
 Riv-ers of mer-cy, in des-erts drear, From Je-sus shall o-ver-flow.  
 "Blest and a blessing," O pre-cious word! The glo-ry shall all be thine.

CHORUS.



Make me, make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, a chan-nel of bless-ing;  
 { Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing; Ev'-ry good gift is from thee; . . .  
 { Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing; Use me where'er I may be; . . .  
 Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, Lord; . . .

1



Working thro' me by thy won-der-ful pow'r, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing;

2



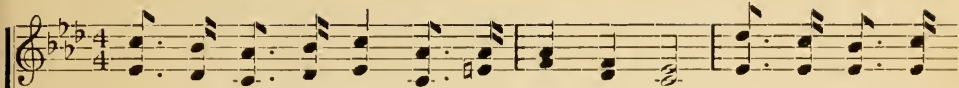
Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, Lord, Till I shall thy beau-ty see.

# No. 60.

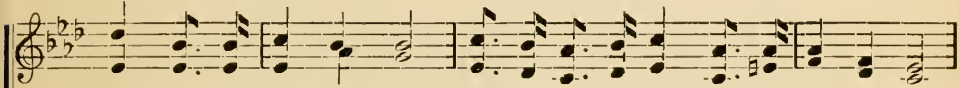
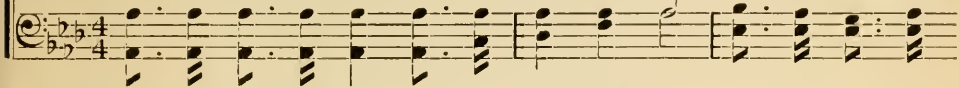
# He Won My Heart.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



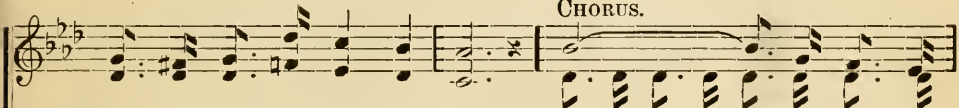
1. Once I wan-dered on where the light was dim, Far a - way from  
2. Long my heart re-belled and re - fused to see, How the lov - ing  
3. Bur - dened with my guilt and be - set - ting sin, Long my heart re -



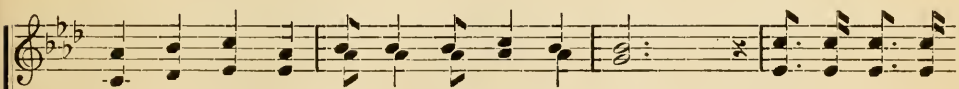
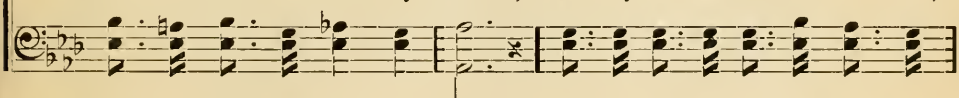
right in the fields of sin; But I heard a voice and I came to Him,  
Sav - iour could make me free; But at last His love o - ver pow-er'd me,  
fused, would not let Him in; Now I've yield-ed all, life a - new to win,



## CHORUS.



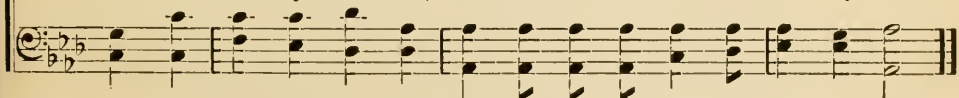
Then the Sav - iour won my heart. }  
And the Sav - iour won my heart. } Now . . . . . my life is  
Since the Sav - iour won my heart. } Now my life is one with Je - sus,



one with Je - sus, Nev - er from Him to part; Noth-ing now I



need of earth - ly treas - ure, Since the dear Sav - iour has won my heart.



## No. 61.

## An Heir of God.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. This is my sal - va - tion, Je - sus died for me, Bought and sealed my pardon  
 2. Pray - ing, yes, and dy - ing, Je - sus spoke to me, Prayed for my for - giveness,  
 3. Won - der - ful sal - va - tion! Grace so rich and free Well de - serves a life sur -

on the Cross of Cal - va - ry; For my soul's redemp - tion there is naught to  
 died to make me ev - er free; Free from condem - na - tion, 'tis a mes - sage  
 rendered e'er His own to be; Ful - ly con - se - crat - ed e'er His will to

CHORUS.

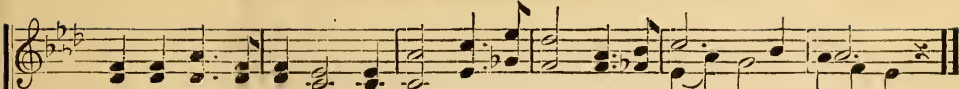
do, O ac - cept it, sin - ner, for it is for you.  
 true, O be - lieve it, sin - ner, for it was for you. } I'll nev - er, nev - er de -  
 do, En - ter in, be - liev - er, for it is for you. }

ny my - self my share in His a - tonement; I'll nev - er, nev - er de - ny my -

self sal - va - tion thro' the blood, For when He died on the cross for me, He



# An Heir of God,—Concluded.



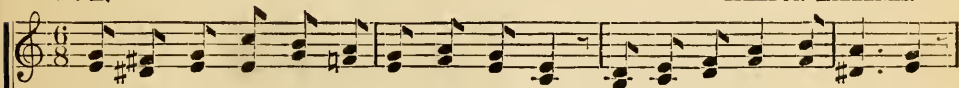
bought and sealed my pardon, And made me an heir and a son of God.

## No. 62.


## No Other Name.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. No oth - er name found on earth or in heav'n, No oth - er name but Je - sus;  
 2. No oth - er name can put e - vil to flight, No oth - er name but Je - sus,  
 3. No oth - er name has the pow - er to save, No oth - er name but Je - sus,  
 4. No oth - er name is ex - alt - ed as high, No oth - er name but Je - sus,

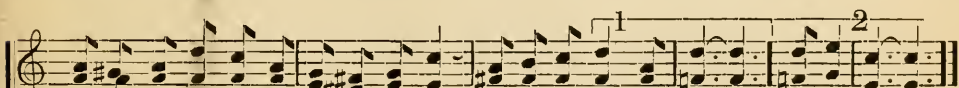


No oth - er name where by sins are forgiv'n, No oth - er name but Je - sus.  
 No oth - er name chang-es dark-ness to light, No oth - er name but Je - sus.  
 No oth - er name con-quests death and the grave, No oth - er name but Je - sus.  
 No oth - er name is the song of the sky, No oth - er name but Je - sus.

### CHORUS.



No . . . . . oth - er name! . . . . . No . . . . . oth - er name! . . . . .  
 No oth - er name! No oth - er name! No oth - er name! No oth - er name!



There is no oth - er by which we are saved; There is no oth - er name, oth - er name.

## No. 63.

## Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to  
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-  
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord at Thy  
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-in me a

live in my soul; Break down ev'-ry i-dol, cast out ev'-ry foe; Now wash me, and  
 plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and  
 cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and  
 new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said 'st "No;" Now wash me, and

**FINE. CHORUS.** *D.S.*  
 I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and  
*D.S.*—I shall be whiter than snow.

## No. 64.

## Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Joyfully.***FINE.**

1. { Ring the bells of heav-en! There is joy to-day, For a soul re-turning from the wild; }  
 { See! The Father meets him out up-on the way, Welcoming His weary wand'ring child. }  
 2. { Ring the bells of heav-en! There is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled; }  
 { Yes, a soul is re-scu-ed from his sin-ful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child. }  
 3. { Ring the bells of heav-en! Spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain. }  
 { Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! Bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain. }

*D.C.*—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a might-y sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.  
**CHORUS.** *D.C.*  
 Glo-ry! Glo-ry! How the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! How the loud harps ring;

## No. 65.

## Singing all the Day.

(There is a girl about three years of age in the Orthopedic Ward of the Episcopal Hospital, Phila., with head, feet, and body so weighted down that she cannot move; yet this child is singing nearly every waking moment.—J. L. H.)

J. H. L.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I have joy and glo - ry and my heart is light, As I press a -  
 2. I shall nev - er doubt Him, I shall nev - er fear, For He is my  
 3. O the peace and com - fort to the trust - ing soul That the Lord can

long my way; For my sins are pardoned and my path is bright, And I'm  
 guide and stay; There is al - ways sunshine with my Sav - iour near, And I'm  
 give for aye; Tho' the tem - pest ra - ges, tho' the bil - lows roll, Just keep

CHORUS.  
 sing - ing all the day. Hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, I'm Sing - ing all the day, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sing - ing all the way; Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, what joy di - vine Fills all this heart of mine!

1 Sing - ing all the day. Hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, I'm Sing - ing all the day.  
 2 *ad lib.*



# No. 66.

# You and I.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*Moderato.*

1. When the gates swing open wide, Shall we en - ter side by side, Thro' the blood once  
 2. When we stand before the King, Ma - ny tro - phies may we bring, And our sheaves at  
 3. Yes, we'll walk the golden street, And our friends with gladness greet, Look with joy in -

shed on Cal - va - ry? Will the Sav - iour bid us come, From His presence ne'er to roam,  
 Je - sus' feet lay down: Precious jew - els gathered here, Won by toil and pray'rs and tears,  
 to the Saviour's face; Sing the song the ransomed sing, While the bells of heaven ring,

CHORUS.

Thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty, You and I? }  
 Shining stars to deck our crown, You and I. } Yes, we'll walk the golden streets to -  
 When we've run life's weary race, You and I.

geth - er, You and I, You and I, You and I, And we'll leave the cit - y fair, no,  
 You and I, You and I, You and I, You and I;

nev - er, You and I, You and I, You and I, Cleans'd from all our guilt and sin,  
 You and I, You and I, You and I, You and I;



## You and I.—Concluded.

With the King of kings shut in, Life e - ter - nal we'll be - gin, You and I. (You and I.)

### No. 67.

### Into Thy Favor.

"With favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield,"—PSALM v: 12.

R. R.

Rev. ROBERT RADCLIFFE.

1. I am Thine, O bless-ed Sav - iour, By the blood once shed for me;  
 2. I am kept, O bless-ed Sav - iour, Thro' the faith in Thy dear name;  
 3. I shall reign, O bless-ed Sav - iour, When the eares of life are o'er;

I've been brought in - to Thy fa - vor, And from sin have been set free.  
 None can rob me of Thy fa - vor, While in Thee my faith re - mains.  
 Reign with Thee in bliss - ful fa - vor, O - ver on that peaceful shore.

#### CHORUS.

In - to fa - vor, in - to fa - vor, By the blood Christ shed for me;

I've been brought in - to His fa - vor, Now and for e - ter - ni - ty.

## No. 68.

## The Good Old Bible.

A. J. BAILEY.  
DUET.

ARTHUR BERRIDGE.

1. We love the good old Bi - ble, We love it more and more, And ev - 'ry time we  
 2. We love the good old Bi - ble, Which lights us on our way, A lamp to guide us  
 3. We love the good old Bi - ble, For when our skies are drear, With - in its bless - ed

read it, We find a treas - ure store; It stands the test of a - ges, So  
 ev - er With bright and cheering ray; It is the word which con - quers, With  
 pa - ges We find our hope and cheer; Like jew - els they are gleam - ing, Those

won - der - ful, so true, It tells a Sav - iour - sto - ry, So old, yet ev - er new.  
 pow - er from on high, The bread from heaven giv - en, Soul - hun - ger to sup - ply.  
 words of ten - der love Which tell a Father's goodness, And point to joys a - bove.

## CHORUS.

The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, We love the dear old Bi - ble;

*rit.* Our teach - er it shall ev - er be, *a tempo.* The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble.

## No. 69.

## Some Golden Morn.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

SOP. AND TENOR, OR SOP. AND ALTO. (Use small notes for Alto.)

1. Some gold-en morn, when this short life is end - ed, Im-mor - tal dawn a -  
 2. Some gold-en morn the mist - y veil shall van - ish, And things that seemed ob-  
 3. Some gold-en morn, in realms of fade-less splen-dor, Mine eyes shall see as  
 4. Some gold-en morn, up - on the fields of glo - ry, Be - side the wa - ters

bove the hills will break; The drear-y shad - ows will de-part for - ev - er,  
 scure will be made plain; And I shall find that ma - ny of my loss - es  
 they have nev - er seen, The wis-dom of the hand that led me on - ward,  
 of the crys-tal sea; I shall be-hold my won-der-ful Re-deem-er,

## CHORUS.

When in that swil - ing homeland I'll a - wake. Some golden morn, . . . . . some  
 Have turn'd to be to my e - ter - nal gain.  
 And why the clouds should come the sun between. }  
 Who lived and died and gave Himself for me. Some gold-en morn,

gold-en morn, some gold-en morn, In that fair country where the night is past, the night is past,

*poco rit.*  
 I shall be-hold my won-der-ful Redeem-er, And dwell with Him some golden morn.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend - ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweet - er voice I had  
 2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo - ment in  
 3. Days may come, they must go, as a tor - rent they flow, Rush - ing on to e -

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I  
 peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the  
 ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a -

## CHORUS.

lin - ger up - on his word. } For he is sweet - er as the years roll by,  
 One whom I love so well. } as the years roll by,  
 waits when my King I'll see. }

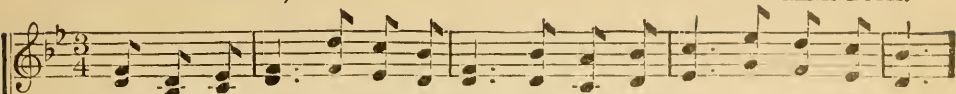
To be wor - thy of his love I'll try; I will try; So I'll love him more and more,

As I near the oth - er shore, For he is sweet - er as the years roll by, roll by.

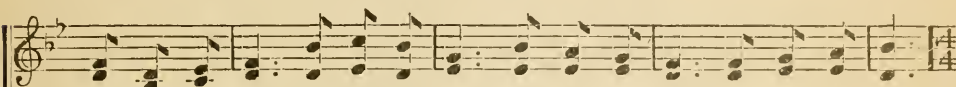
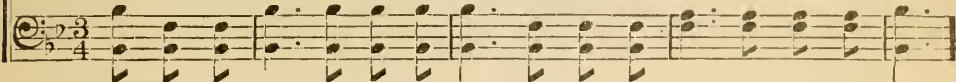


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

B. FRANK BUTTS.



1. There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will de - part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,



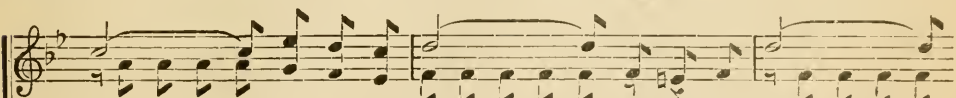
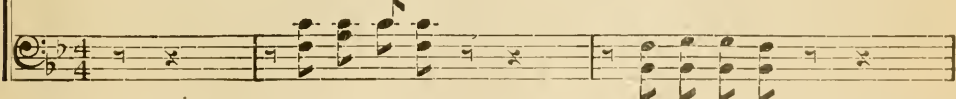
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be - cause I know he's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.  
 Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."



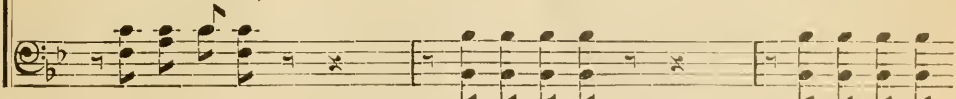
## CHORUS.



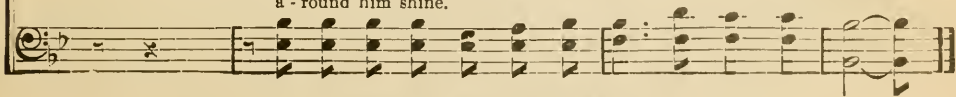
I know he's mine, . . . . . this friend so dear, . . . . . He lives with  
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,



me, . . . . . he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms . . . . .  
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms



a - round him shine, . . . . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.  
 a - round him shine.



Parts.

1. There is a Shepherd who cares for his own, And he is mine; Nothing am  
 2. Je - sus left heaven my Saviour to be, And he is mine; I am not  
 3. There is a Comfort - er come from a - bove, He too is mine, Coming to  
*Tenor and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.*

I, he's a King on a throne, But he is mine; How he can love such a  
 worth all he suffered for me, But he is mine; Tho' I'm not worthy he  
 me to re - veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and

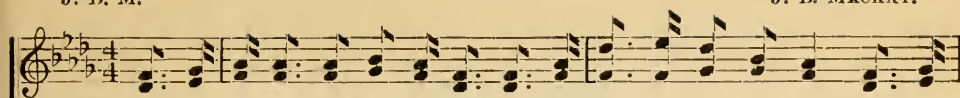
sin - ner as I, Tho' he is mine; I can - not fathom tho' oft - en I try,  
 dwells in my heart, And he is mine; From him I'll never, no, nev - er de - part,  
 Com - forter, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old sto - ry is true,

## CHORUS.

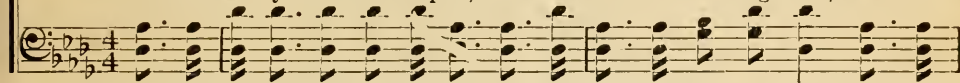
But he is mine. } He is mine, . . . He  
 For he is mine. }  
 They all are mine. } He is mine

Tho' all un - worthy, I know he is mine, He

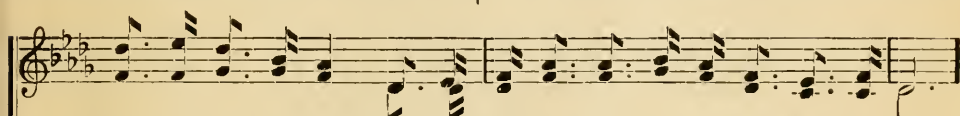
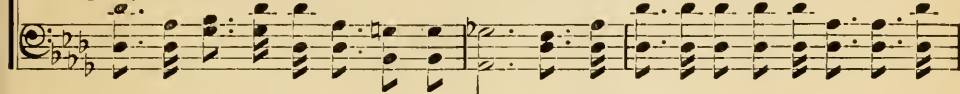
is mine; Tho' it is wonder - ful, yet it is true, That he is mine.  
 yes, he is mine,  
 is mine;



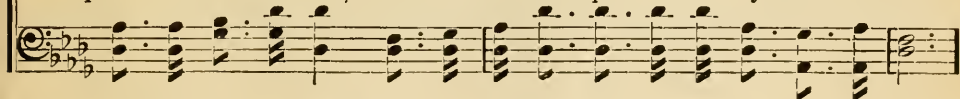
1. Is there an - y one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
4. Is there an - y one can help us, when the end is draw - ing near, Who will



thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa - thiz - es with us, who in faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af - go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be - fore us, and dis -



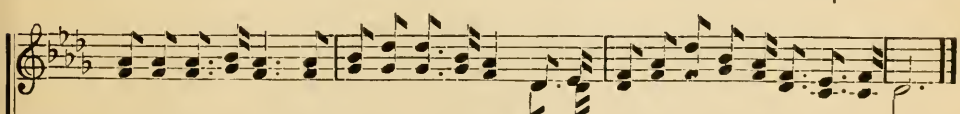
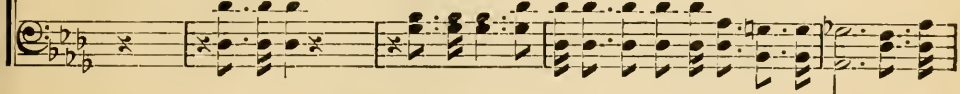
won - drous love im - parts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need? heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm? fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow? pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?



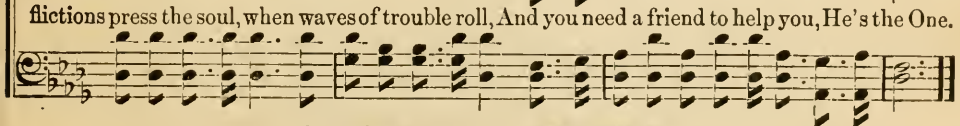
CHORUS.



Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af -  
Yes, there's One, on - ly One,



fictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.





# No. 74. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him," A -  
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.  
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.



L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Espressivo.*

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sorrows and tri - als  
 2. God's way is the best way, My path he has plann'd, I'll trust in him al - way  
 3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best; And lean-ing up-on him,

Oft gath-er'round me; He ev-er is seek-ing My gold to re-fine,  
 While holding his hand. In shad-ow or sun-shine He ev-er is near,  
 Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm can be-fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

So hum-bly I trust him, My Sav-iour di-vine.  
 With him for my ref-uge, I nev-er need fear. } God's way is the best way,  
 I'll cling to him ev-er, So precious is he. }

God's way is the right way, I'll trust in him al-way, He knoweth the best.

## No. 76.

## Answer "Yes."

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"  
 2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will-ing to o-bey?  
 3. Can you now with faith your all to him con-fide, Trusting in his grace a-lone?  
 4. Tho' you have dark hours in Gethsem-a-ne, And your eyes are fill'd with tears;

If he asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to his call?  
 Would you answer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?  
 Can you an-swer "Yes" if God requires of you Ev-'ry com-fort you have known?  
 When the way seems dark-est light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

## CHORUS.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, Fort he Lord has work for you to do,  
 Answer "Yes" when he calls,

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And your serv-ice he will bless.  
 Answer "Yes" when he calls, will bless.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And no mat-ter what he says to you,  
 Answer "Yes" when he calls,

## Answer "Yes."—Concluded.

Do not fal - ter, hes - i - tate, nor ask him "Why?" But an - swer "Yes."

## No. 77. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are fields that to har - vest are white, And a reap - er with joy I will be;  
2. There's a mes - sage to bear far and near, Of a Sav - iour whose love sets us free,  
3. There are souls who are drift - ing a - way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un - to thee;

Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Mas - ter and King, For the Lord can depend on me!  
And the call ringing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!  
I will seek them to - day, I will haste nor de - lay, For the Lord can depend on me!

### CHORUS.

Yes, the Lord can de - pend on me, on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me; on me;

And his name I'll confess, un - to him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!



## No. 78.

## If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the  
 2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing  
 3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their  
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if  
 des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to  
 bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con-  
 fol-low the lead-ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!  
 bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!  
 fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!  
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con-tent an-y-where!

## CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where-

e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here His  
 His cross, his



# If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

cross to bear; . . If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!

cross, his cross to bear;

No. 79.

## Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth and song;  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, and the cares dis - tress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
 As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades, Does he care e - nough to be near?  
 When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

*ad lib.* *rit.*

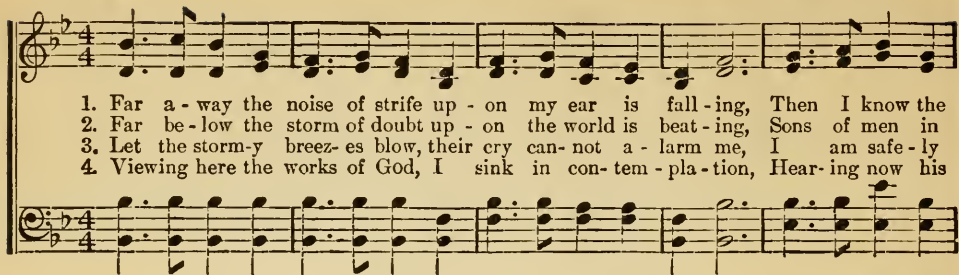
When the days are wea - ry, the long nights drear - y, I know my Sav - iour cares.....  
 he cares.

## No. 80.

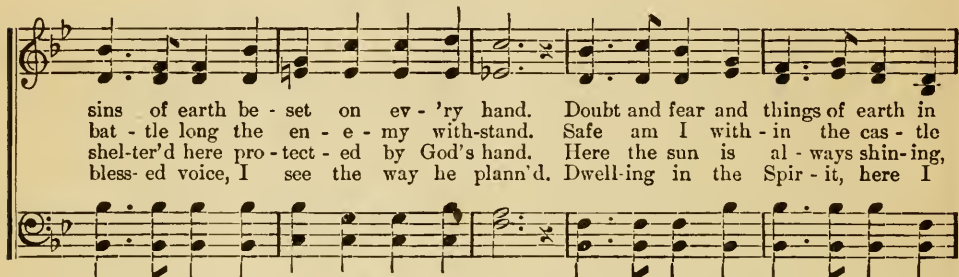
## Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

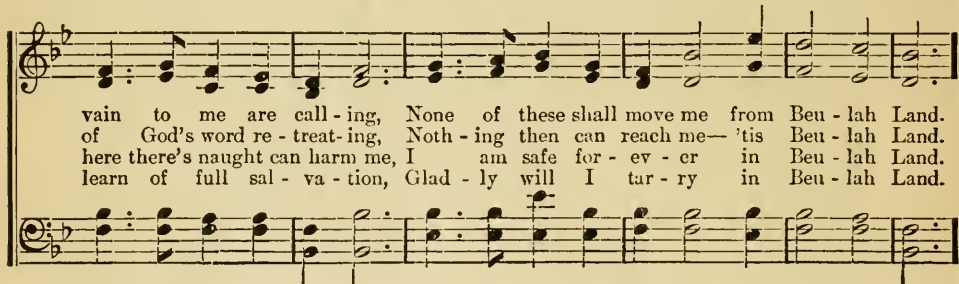
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now his

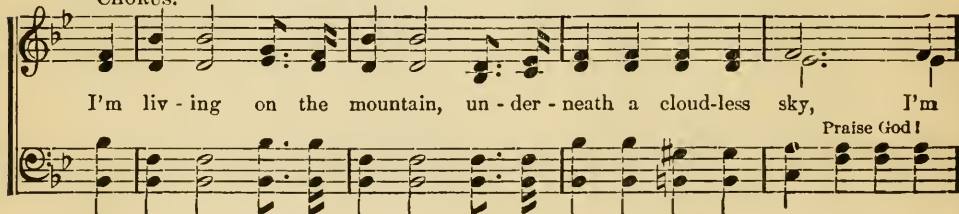


sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle  
 shel-ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin-ing,  
 bless - ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I

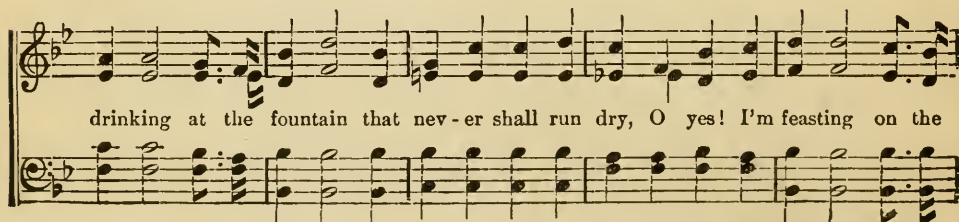


vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.  
 of God's word re - treat-ing, Noth - ing then can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.  
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

## CHORUS.



I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud-less sky, I'm  
 Praise God!



drinking at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

# Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti - ful sup-ply For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land.

## No. 81.

## In the Garden.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*

1. I come to the garden a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the  
 2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the  
 3. I'd stay in the garden with him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But he

voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The Son of God dis - elos - es.  
 mel - o - dy, That he gave to me; With-in my heart is ring - ing.  
 bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

### CHORUS.

And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me I am his own,

And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.



## No. 82.

## I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm  
 2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to  
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The  
 pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But  
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

D.S.—cause he first loved me And

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

precious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow. } I love him, I love him Be -  
 now I'm cleansed from ev'ry strain thro' Jesus' blood. } tell the world around the peace that he doth give.  
 purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

## No. 83.

## What Did He Do?

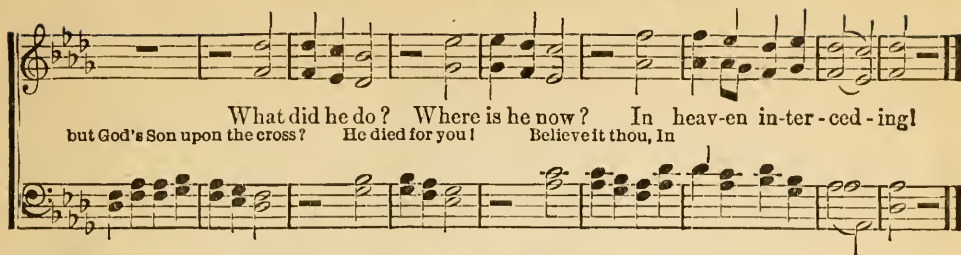
W. OWEN.

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Once we dwelt among the lost; Yet, Je-sus  
 2. No angel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he; He nailed un-  
 3. Will you sur-render to this Saviour, Now be-fore him humbly bow? You, too, shall

CHORUS.  
 came from heaven's glory Us to save at aw-ful cost! }  
 to the cross, forsak - en, Was One of the God-head Three! } Who sav'd us from eternal loss?  
 come to know his fav-or, He will save and save you now! } who



# What Did He Do?—Concluded.



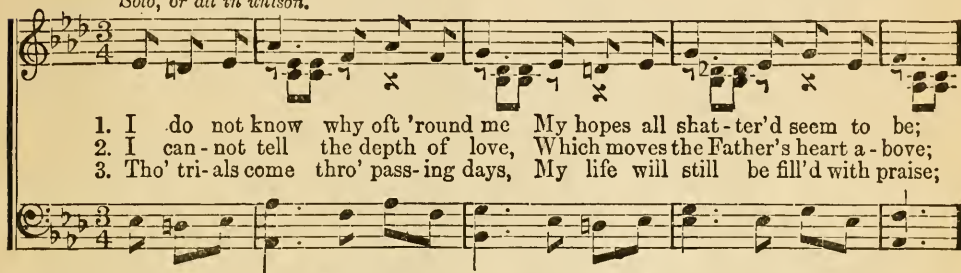
What did he do? Where is he now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!  
 but God's Son upon the cross? He died for you! Believe it thou, In

## No. 84. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

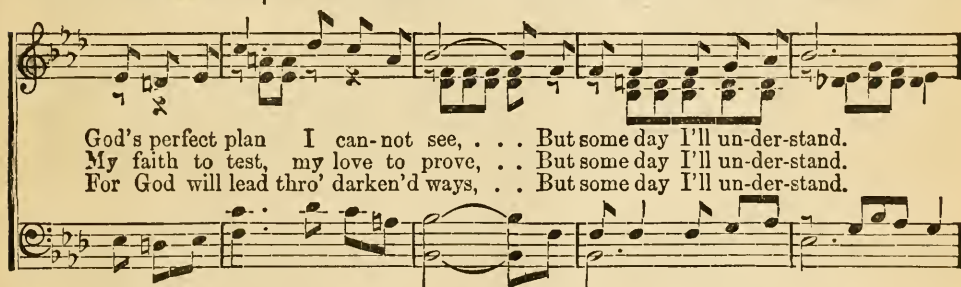
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*Solo, or all in unison.*

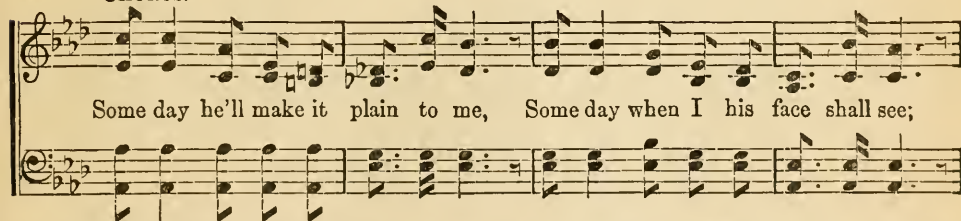


1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-ter'd seem to be;  
 2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart a-bove;  
 3. Tho' tri-als come thro' pass-ing days, My life will still be fill'd with praise;

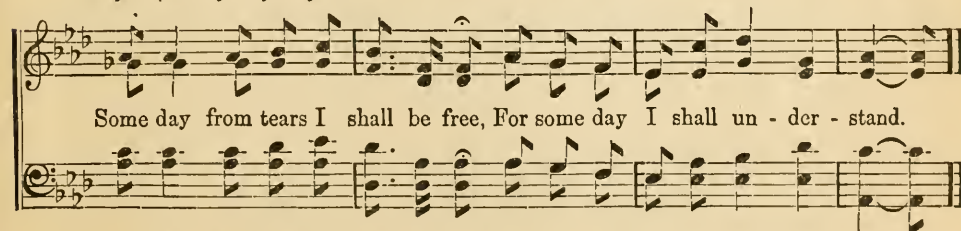


God's perfect plan I can-not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
 My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
 For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.



Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;



Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.

# No. 85.

# Get Right With God.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. "Is thine heart right?"—II Kings, 10: 15.

I. H. MEREDITH.

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Don't you hear the Saviour's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, From the paths of sin which  
2. All a-round you there are dan-gers so ap-pall-ing, There are pit-falls to al-  
3. Will you heed the Spir-it as with ten-der plead-ing, He is call-ing you to

you so long have trod? On your heart His gentle accents now are fall-ing, Heed His  
lure you from the right; But the lov-ing voice of Je-sus now is call-ing, He'll de-  
leave the paths of sin? While the Saviour now for you is in-ter-ced-ing, Will you

CHORUS.

pleading, and get right with God. } Get right with God, . . . Get right with God, . . .  
fend you with His arm of might. } Get right with God, Get right with God,  
not the Heav'nly Life be - gin?

O do not let the Spirit now de-part, . . . And grant Him glad admission to thy heart.  
do not let Him now depart,

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# No. 86.

# Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tem-pestuous sea:

D. C.—Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.

# Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.

*D.C.*



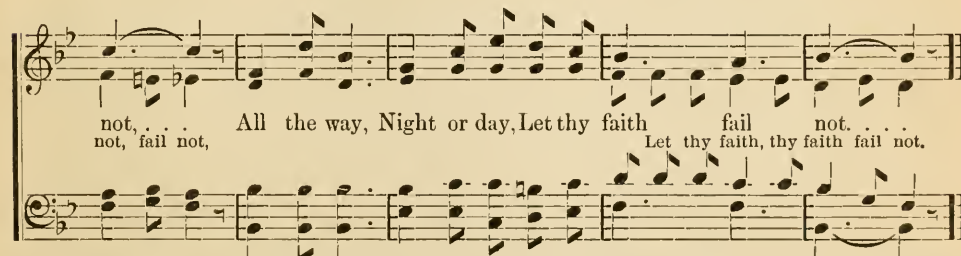
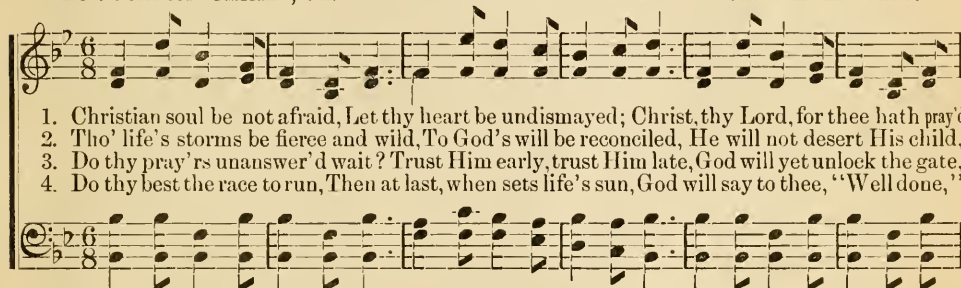
2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will  
When 'Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

## No. 87. Let Thy Faith Fail Not

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.





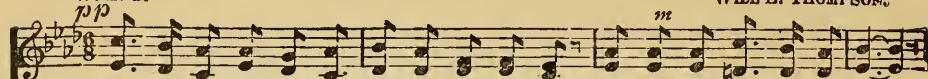
# No. 88.

# Softly and Tenderly.

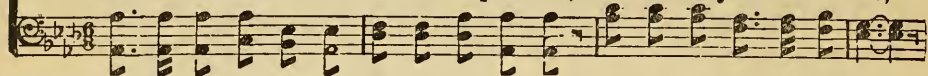
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

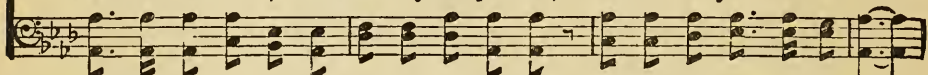
WILL L. THOMPSON.



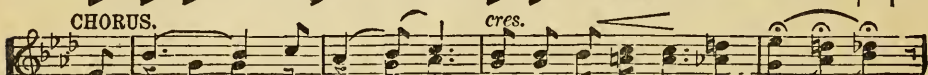
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me;



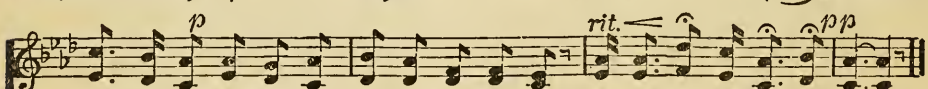
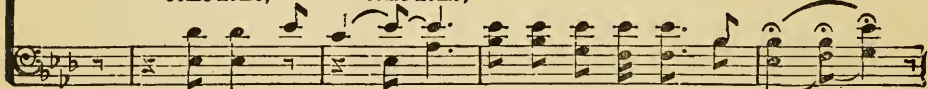
At the heart's por - tal He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.  
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
Shad - ows are gath'ring, and death's night is com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.  
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



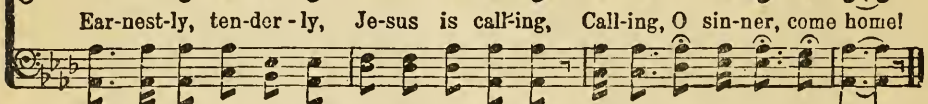
## CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home,  
Come home, come home,



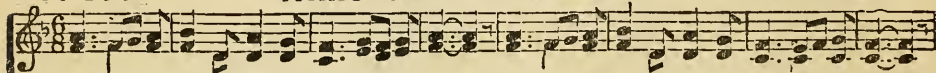
Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



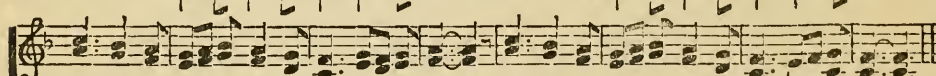
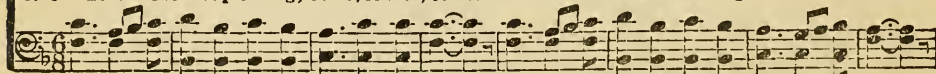
# No. 89.

# While Jesus Whispers.

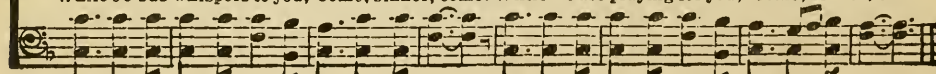
H. R. PALMER.



1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
3. O hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own Him. Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!





# No. 90.

# Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Cal'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,  
I stand in Him complete  
"Jesus died my soul to save,"  
My lips shall still repeat.

# No. 91.

# O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }  
{ Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. } Hap - py day, hap - py day,  
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }  
{ Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap - py day, hap - py day,

FINE D. S.

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }  
{ And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

# No. 92.

# Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.  
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.  
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - ry stain.  
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

# No. 93.

# Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too  
2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with  
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-  
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my  
5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je-sus died, and  
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine

*Fine. CHORUS.* *D. S.*

long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.  
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.  
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam.  
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.  
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.  
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

# No. 94.

# Step Out on the Promise.

1. O mourn-er in Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is  
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice; For ye shall be  
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-i-qui-ty free? Oh, poor troubled  
4. The prom-ise can't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait-ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re-ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the  
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the  
un-der, that cleans-es us through: It cleans-es me now, hal-le-

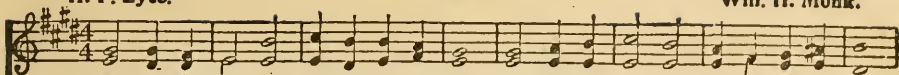
word of thy God, Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.  
ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.  
bos-om of God. Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.  
lu-jah to God! Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.

## No. 95.

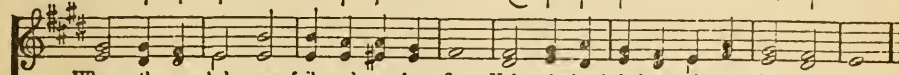
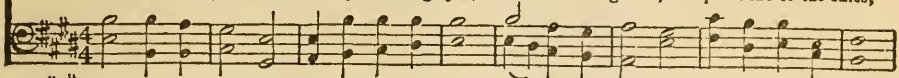
## Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

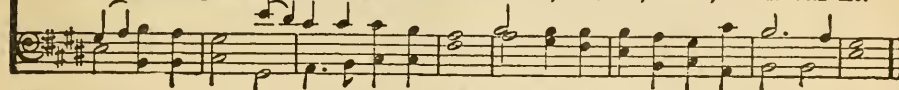
Wm. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's a lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!  
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

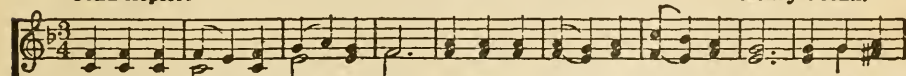


## No. 96.

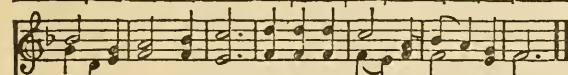
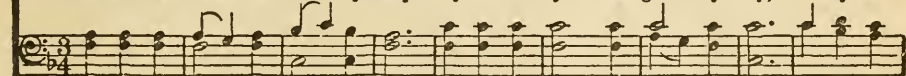
## Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

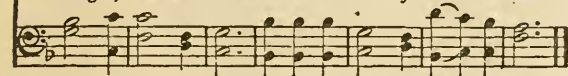
Henry Monk.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last



earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.  
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.



- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is night,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

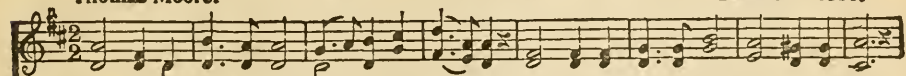
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,  
 Abide with me till in Thy love  
 I lose myself in heaven above.

## No. 97.

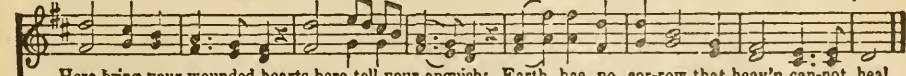
## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

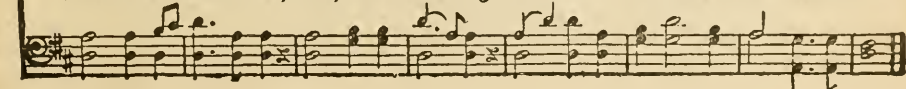
Samuel Webbe.



1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort-less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;



Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.  
 Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."  
 Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.



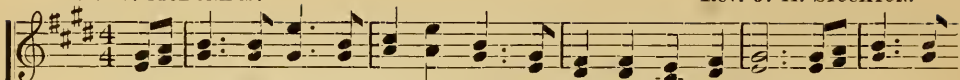


# No. 98.

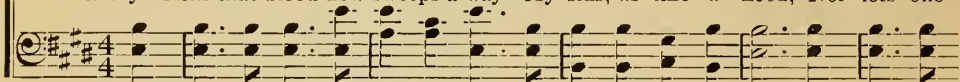
# The Precious Blood.

Rev. W. McDONALD.

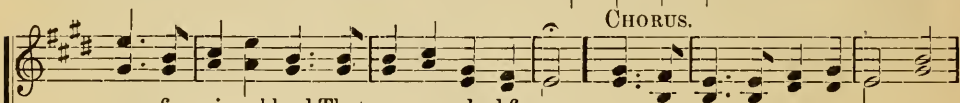
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



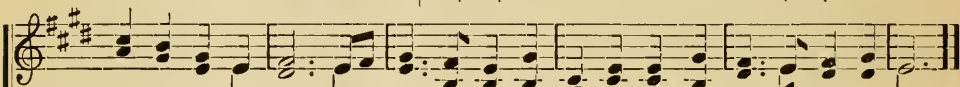
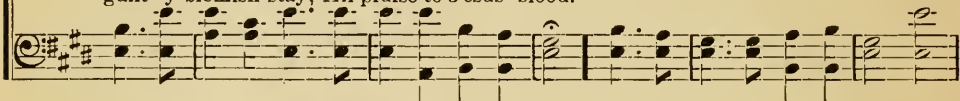
1. The cross! The cross! The blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see! Re - mind - ing
2. A thousand thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God; But none to
3. That price-less blood my ran-som paid, While I in bondage stood; On Je - sus
4. By faith that blood now sweeps a-way My sins, as like a flood, Nor lets one



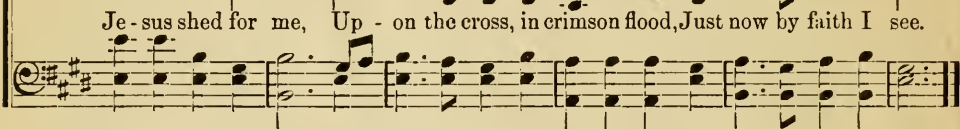
CHORUS.



me of precious blood That once was shed for me,  
me such blessings bring, As Jesus' precious blood,  
all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood,  
guilt-y blemish stay; All praise to Jesus' blood. } O the blood, the precious blood! That



Je - sus shed for me, Up - on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

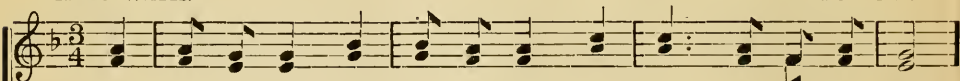


# No. 99.

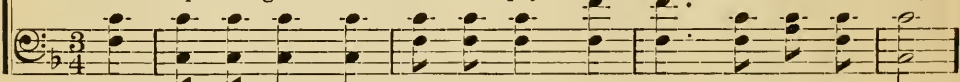
# Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

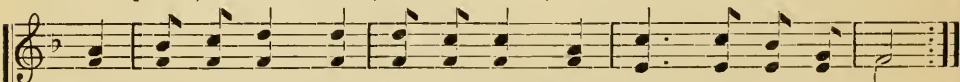
ASA HULL.



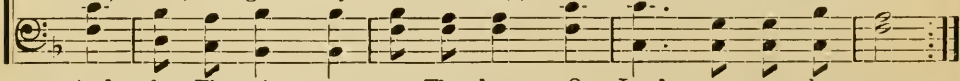
1. A - las! And did my Sav-our bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



CHO.—Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
A - maz - ing pit - y! Grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree.  
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er died For man, the crea - ture's sin.  
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.



And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

G. G.



# No. 104.

# Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine; Here shines undimm'd one  
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me  
 3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze Is borne from ever-vernal trees, And flow'rs, that never-  
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melody, As angels with the

CHORUS.

bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed away.  
 by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.  
 fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.  
 white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As

on the high-est mount I stand, I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-

par'd for me, And view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!

By permission of Mrs. Jno. R. Sweney.

# No. 105.

# Some Day When We Get Home.

T. C. N.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. { Some day the clouds will pass away forev-er, Some day, when we get home; }  
 { Some day with joy we'll meet our blessed Saviour, Some day, when (Omit ..... ) } we get home.  
 2. { Some day we'll meet with lov'd ones gone before us, Some day, when we get home; }  
 { Some day we'll join the mighty, heav'nly chorus, Some day, when (Omit ..... ) } we get home.  
 3. { Some day the cross will bring the crown of heaven, Some day, when we get home; }  
 { Some day "well done" will be the welcome given, Some day, when (Omit ..... ) } we get home.

CHORUS.

{ O the songs ascending, O the joy unending, Some day, when we get home! }  
 { How we'll tell the story, Of our Saviour's glory, Some day, when (Omit ..... ) } we get home!

# No. 106. What Have You Done for Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What have you done as the days have sped by? What have you done for Je - sus?  
 2. Pleasures you've sought, and the world's fleeting gain, What have you done for Je - sus?  
 3. Rich - es un - told He has bought you and me; What have you done for Je - sus?  
 4. No work a - bides but the serv - ice of love; What have you done for Je - sus?

What bless - ed rec - ords were en - tered on high? What have you done for Je - sus?  
 Treas - ures of earth you have tried to ob - tain, What have you done for Je - sus?  
 Bless - ed sal - va - tion, a - bundant and free! What have you done for Je - sus?  
 Seek - ing the jew - els that spark - le a - bove, What have you done for Je - sus?

CHORUS

What have you done for Je - - sus? What have you done for Je - - sus?  
 O what have you done? O what have you done?

When fades the day, O what will you say? What have you done for Je - sus?

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# No. 107. Sweet By-and-by.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous song of the blest,  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise,

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.  
 And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.  
 For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.

# Sweet By-and-by.--Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

## No. 108. Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Rev. C. H. WOOLSTON, D. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Je-sus calls the children dear, "Come to me and never fear, For I love the little  
2. Je-sus is the Shepherd true, And He'll always stand by you, For He loves the little  
3. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, And Thy soldier I will be, For He loves the little

child-ren of the world; I will take you by the hand, Lead you to the better land,  
child-ren of the world; He's a Saviour great and strong, And He'll shield you from all wrong,  
child-ren of the world; And His cross I'll always bear, And for Him I'll do and dare,

*D.S.*—They are precious in His sight,

*FINE.* CHORUS.  
For I love the little children of the world." } Je-sus loves the little  
For He loves the little children of the world.  
For He loves the little children of the world.  
Je-sus loves the little children of the world.

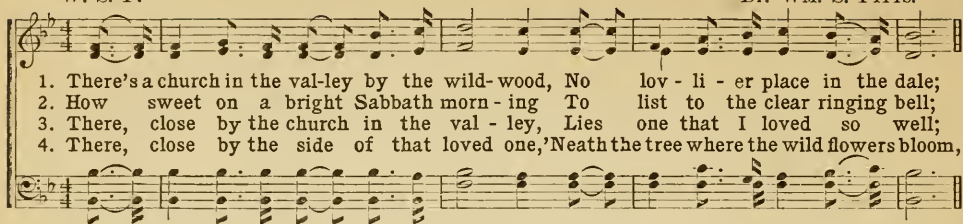
*D.S.*  
child-ren, All the children of the world; Red and yellow, black and white,  
little children, All the children of the world;



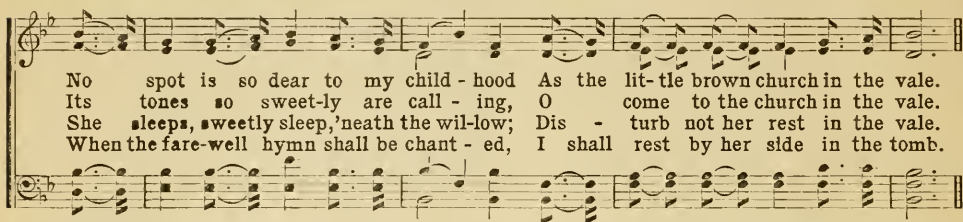
# No. 109. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. PITTS.

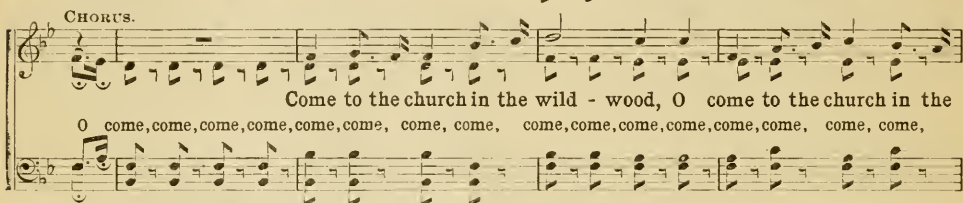


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er place in the dale;  
 2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morn - ing To list to the clear ringing bell;  
 3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I loved so well;  
 4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,

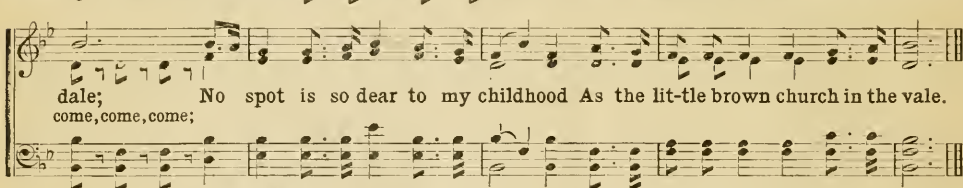


No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.  
 Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, O come to the church in the vale.  
 She sleeps, sweetly sleep, 'neath the wil - low; Dis - turb not her rest in the vale.  
 When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

CHORUS.



Come to the church in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the  
 O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



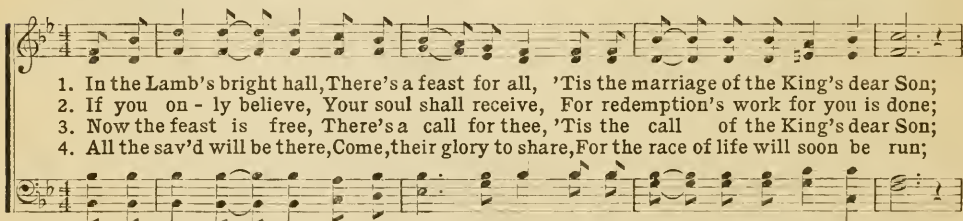
dale; No spot is so dear to my childhood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.  
 come, come, come;

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# No. 110. The Wedding Robe.

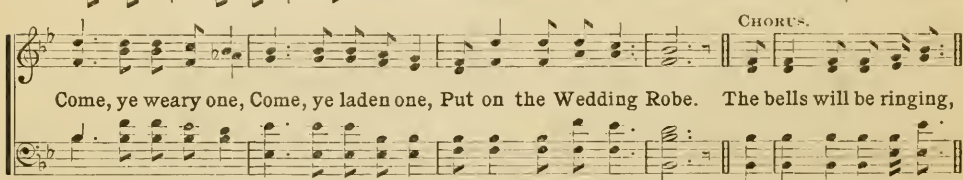
Rev. C. H. W.

Rev. C. H. WOOLSTON.



1. In the Lamb's bright hall, There's a feast for all, 'Tis the marriage of the King's dear Son;  
 2. If you on - ly believe, Your soul shall receive, For redemption's work for you is done;  
 3. Now the feast is free, There's a call for thee, 'Tis the call of the King's dear Son;  
 4. All the sav'd will be there, Come, their glory to share, For the race of life will soon be run;

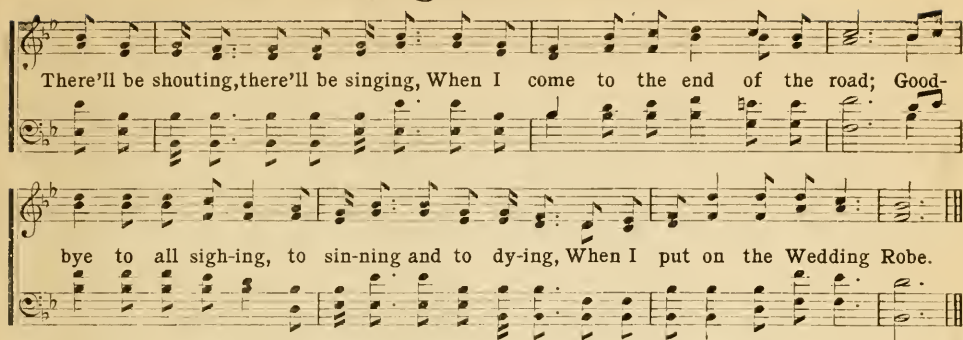
CHORUS.



Come, ye weary one, Come, ye laden one, Put on the Wedding Robe. The bells will be ringing,



## The Wedding Robe.—Concluded.

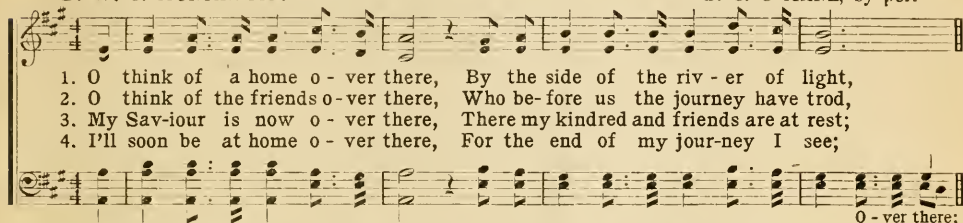


There'll be shouting, there'll be singing, When I come to the end of the road; Good-  
bye to all sigh-ing, to sin-nig and to dy-ing, When I put on the Wedding Robe.

## No. 111. O Think of the Home Over There.

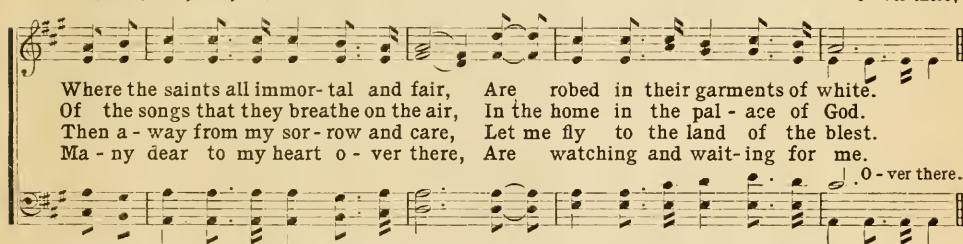
D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



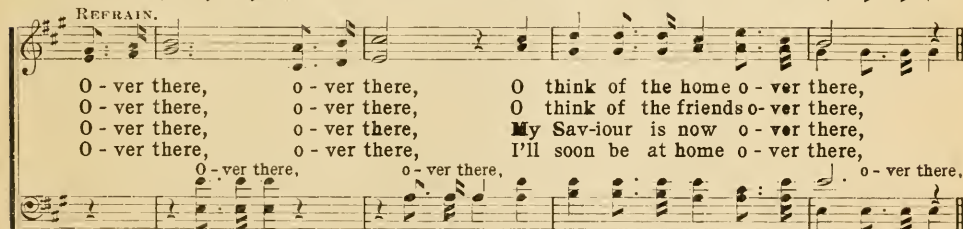
1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,  
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,  
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

O-ver there;



Where the saints all immor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In the home in the pal-ace of God.  
Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
Ma-n-y dear to my heart o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

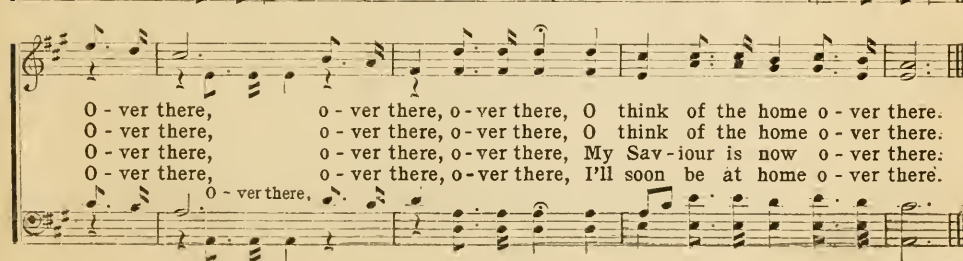
O-ver there.



REFRAIN.

O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,  
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there,  
O-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there,  
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,

O-ver there, o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.



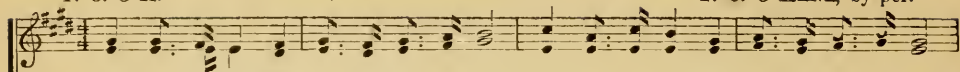
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.  
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.  
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there:  
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

O-ver there.

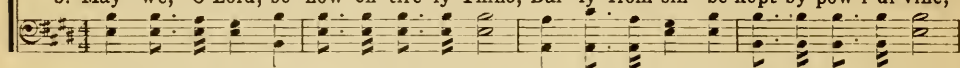
# No. 112. Sweeping Through the Gates.

T. C. O'K.

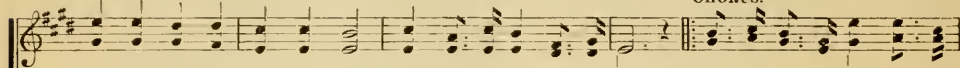
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



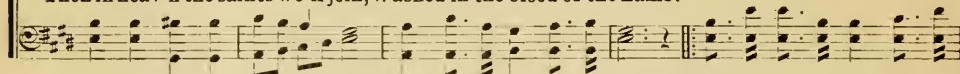
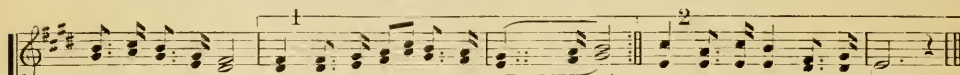
1. Who, who are these be-side the chill-y wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si-lent grave,  
 2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear-ly and, in wisdom's ways,  
 3. These, these are they who, in affliction's woes, Ev-er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose,  
 4. These, these are they who, in the con-flict dire, Bold-ly have stood a-mid the hot-test fire;  
 5. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;  
 6. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai-ly from sin be kept by pow'r di-vine,



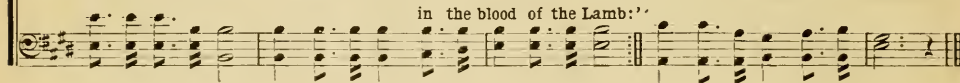
CHORUS.



Shouting Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Prov'd the fulness of His grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.)  
 Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Jesus now says "Come up higher;" Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" of the  
 Hap-py now and ev-ermore, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.)  
 Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.


New Je-ru-salem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb;" "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."  
 in the blood of the Lamb:"



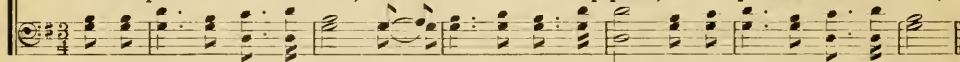
# No. 113. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. McDONALD.


W. G. FISCHER.



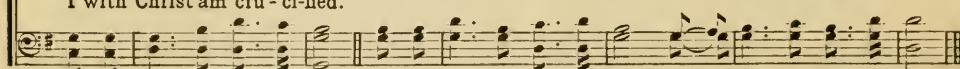
1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross,  
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has evil reign'd within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and body Thine to be,  
 4. In the prom-is-es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied; I am prostrate in the dust,



D.S.—Humbly at Thy cross I bow,



FINE. CHORUS. D.S.  
 I shall full sal-va-tion find.  
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 Wholly Thine for-ev-ermore. } I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal-va-ry;  
 I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.



Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

G. G.

# No. 114.

# The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or mountain; A spot for which af-  
 2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-cean: A - bove me was the  
 3. Sink-ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me; I cried, "O save me,  
 4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love divine first found me; Wher-ev-er falls my

fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountan. 'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho'  
 thunder's roar, Beneath the waves' com-mo-tion. Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A -  
 Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je - sus, hear me; Then quick as thought I felt Him mine, My  
 dis - tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee; And when from earth I rise, to soar Up

that is al - most heaven, But where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.  
 round me faint with terror; In that dark hour how did my groan Ascend for years of er-ror.  
 Saviour stood before me, I saw His brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glory, glory."  
 to my home in heav-en, Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first forgiven.

# No. 115.

# Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse ever-more, But to us He gives the  
 2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching,  
 3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest toss'd, Try-ing now to make the

keeping Of the lights a-long the shore. }  
 long-ing For the lights a-long the shore. } Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a  
 har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.

gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor, fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.



# No. 116.

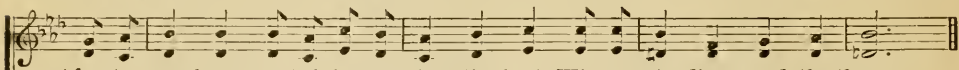
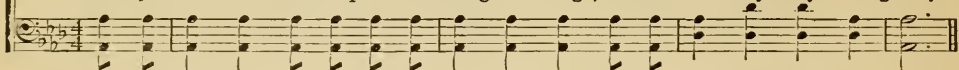
# Look for Me!

A. A. PATR.

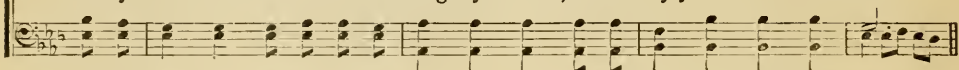
C. AUSTIN MILES.



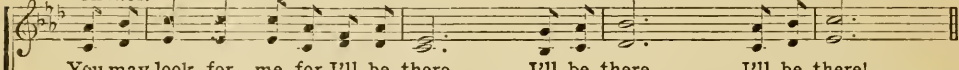
1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure-ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find-ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;



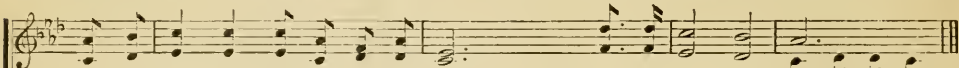
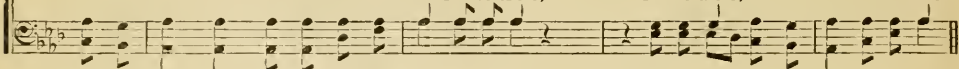
Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—  
When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gaz-ing on some glo-rious view—  
When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glo-ry to his name!"  
When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be - hold his face—



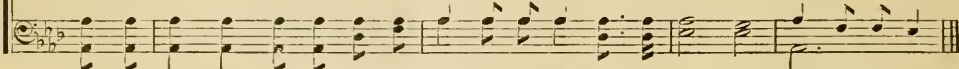
## CHORUS.



You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!



You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name! Precious name!



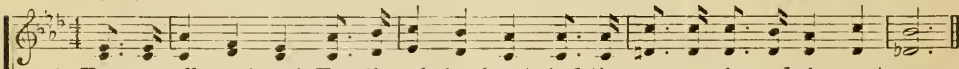
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# No. 117.

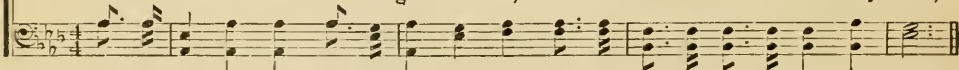
# The Home Gathering.

C. A. M.

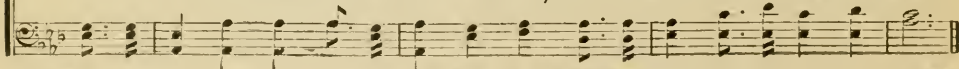
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Here we all must part, Here the ach-ing heart And the sor-row o'er and o'er must come;
2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can-not see the hand of God,
3. Tho' we can-not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to us may come,



But be-yond the skies, Joy-ful souls shall rise When the loved ones are gathered home.  
So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we walk where the saints have trod.  
For we know the Lord And be-lieve his word, And we know he will take us home.





# The Home Gathering.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

At the great home gathering I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,  
So will I, So will I, So will I,

At the great home gathering I'll be there And I'll nev - er say "good-bye."  
So will I, nev - er say "good-bye."

## No. 118. O What He's Done for Me!

J. B. M.

Rev. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus loves me with a changeless love, He to save me left his throne a - bove;  
2. When I fell be-neath a heav - y load, Faint and wea - ry, on the downward road,  
3. I had sor - rows that were hard to bear, Heav - y bur - dens that no soul could share;  
4. I'm so glad that Je - sus is my friend, His is friendship that will nev - er end;

All my sins he bore up - on the tree; I nev - er can tell all he's done for me.  
Je - sus took me from the mir - y clay—He led me in - to the King's highway.  
When I faint-ed, in my bit - ter grief, He was the one came to my re - lief.  
O that I could make the whole world see Just what a Sav - iour he is to me!

CHORUS.

O what he's done for me! O what he's done for me!  
O what he's done O what he's done

If I tried, to e - ter - ni - ty, I nev - er could tell all he's done for me!

# No. 119.

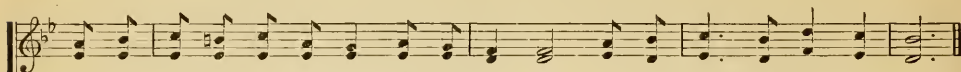
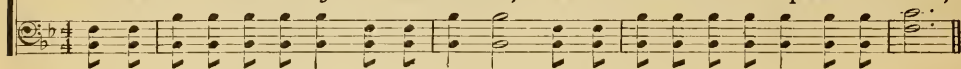
# As the Day Breaks.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



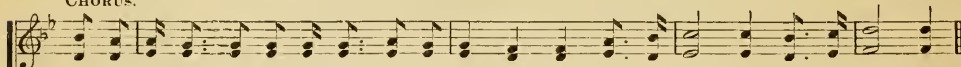
1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that day by and by;
2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the throne never heard;
3. I shall rise to be with Je-sus for-ev-er, I shall meet the ones who passed on before;



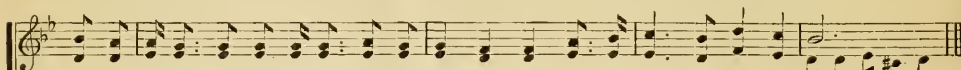
When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call-ing, As the day breaks o'er the hills.  
For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring-ing, As the day breaks o'er the hills.  
We shall meet to part no more, nev-er, nev-er, When the day breaks o'er the hills.



CHORUS.



I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks,



There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er hills.  
the heav'nly hills.



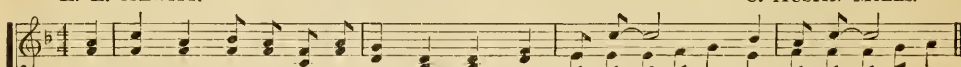
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# No. 120.

# Singing and Trusting.

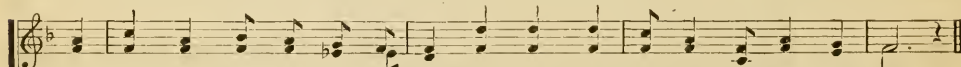
E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

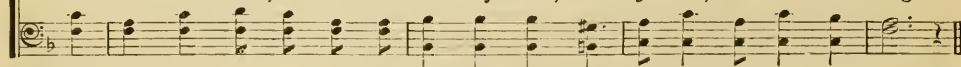


1. Look up to Je-sus and, with lov-ing trust, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
2. Your song may cheer a heav-y-lad-en heart, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;
3. For-get-ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing-ing, still sing-ing;

Keep sing-ing, sweetly sing-ing of our Saviour's love;



He'll safe-ly guide us, he is wise and just; Trust Je-sus, the Sav-iour King.  
And stronger faith and brighter hope im-part, In Je-sus, the Sav-iour King.  
In sum-mer bloom, or 'mid the win-try blast, Trust Je-sus, the Sav-iour King.



G. M. 3.

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# Singing and Trusting.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sing on thro' sunny days, Sing on in darken'd ways, Sing, sing;  
Singing, sweetly singing, singing, sweetly singing;

Sing on, his name is love; Sing on, he reigns a - bove; Sing, sing.  
Sing on, trust on and sing.

## No. 121.

## Nothing Matters.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Clouds may hover o - ver me and hide my view, Sin may seek in me its e - vil work to do;  
2. There is naught that stands between my Lord and me For my sins are hidden now in Love's great sea;  
3. Such a love as Jesus gives shall conquer fear, Such a hope as he bestows shall dry each tear;  
4. Tho' I try to love him as I real-ly ought, All my love before His cross must seem as naught;

E - ven try to con-quer me, but nev - er will, While I trust my Sav-iour still.  
While the bil-lows cov - er them from mor - tal eyes, Heav - en-ward my song shall rise.  
Won - der-ful it is that such a thing should be, But the King of heav'n loves me.  
Thro' the tears I'm al - ways pray-ing o'er and o'er, "Teach me, Lord, to love thee more.

CHORUS.

For noth-ing real-ly matters if the Lord loves me, And he does, . . . O yes! He  
And he does,

does! No! Nothing real-ly matters if the Lord loves me, And he does, he does.

Yes, he does! No!

G. M. S.

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# No. 122. I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heaven where the saints are robed in white, Shouting glory,  
 2. I am on my way to heaven where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting glory,  
 3. I am on my way to heav-en, blessed land of pure de-light, Shouting glory,  
 4. I am on my way to heav-en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting glory,

Hal-le-lu-jah!

shouting glo-ry! To that blessed land immortal where can never come the night,  
 shouting glo-ry! To the place of ma-ny mansions and of glo-ries yet un-told,  
 shouting glo-ry! Where the bless'd of ev'ry na-tion are for-ev-er cloth'd in white,  
 shouting glo-ry! There I'll sing redemption's story, blessed song of sav-ing grace,

Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.  
 Shouting glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah all the way! O glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I am  
 Hal-le-lu-jah all the way!

on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! O glo-ry hal-le-  
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!  
 Hal-le-lu-jah all the way!

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# No. 123.

# No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow and with feeling.*

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! No, not one!  
 2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! No, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! No, not one!  
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! No, not one!  
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! No, not one!

# No, Not One!—Concluded.

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! No, not one!  
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! No, not one!  
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! No, not one!  
 Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! No, not one!  
 Will he re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! No, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!

## CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

# No. 124.

# When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;  
 2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;  
 3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;

Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the sto - ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.  
 Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.  
 I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll a - dore him; Ev - er to be with him, When I get home.

## CHORUS

When I get home, When I get home, All sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home;  
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,

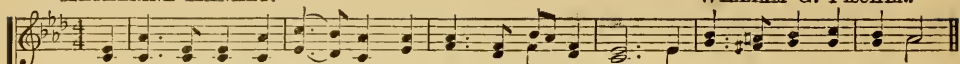
When I get home, When I get home, All sorrow will be o - ver, When I get home.  
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,

# No. 125.

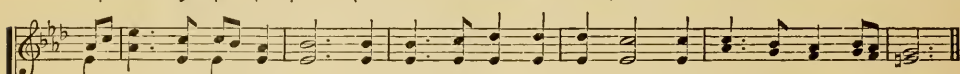
# I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY.

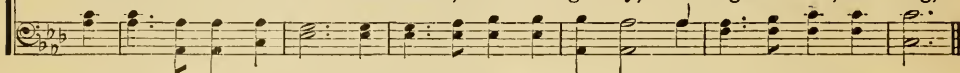
WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto-ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fancies
3. I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-ing and thirsting

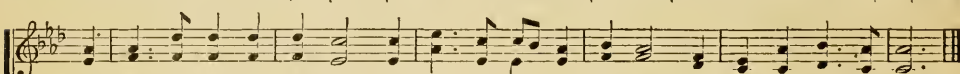
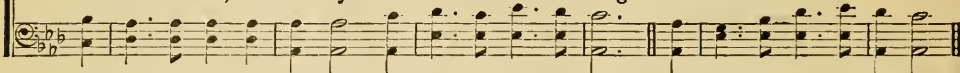


Of Je-sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;  
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me;  
More wonder-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry, For some have nev-er heard  
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.

It sat-is-fies my longings As nothing else would do.  
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto-ry,  
The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.  
'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have lov'd so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love



Used by permission of Wm. G. Fischer.

# No. 126.

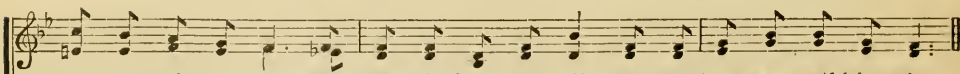
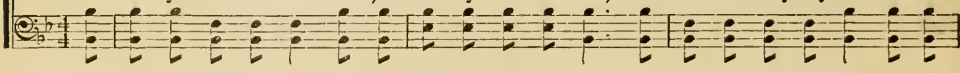
# I've Anchored In Jesus.

L. E. J.

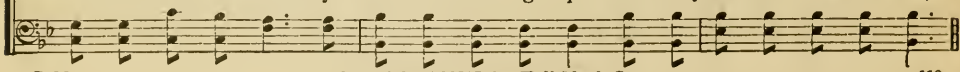
L. E. JONES.



1. Up - on life's boundless ocean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je-sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a-way my sorrows and



an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath'ring o'er,  
bid their tu-mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - rer to him I all con-fide,  
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look-ing up - ward be-yond life's troubled sea,





# I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.  
For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side. } I've an - chored in Je - sus, The  
There I be - hold a ha - ven prepared for me.

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

anchored in Je - sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the Rock of A - ges.

## No. 127.

## I'm Going There.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is a land of wondrous beauty Where the "Living Waters" flow, The Word of God to
2. No tears are there, no blighting sorrow From the cru - el hand of death; No flow - ers fade, no
3. There ransomed souls will give me welcome With a "Halle - lu - jah" shout! And I shall en - ter
4. I've loved ones there who passed before me, They'll rejoice to see me come, But best of all I'll

CHORUS.

all has said it, And it sure - ly must be so.  
summers perish By the win - ter's chill - ing breath. } And I'm going there some day,  
in that cit - y, Nev - er, nev - er to go out.  
see my Saviour, Who will bid me "Welcome Home." } going there some day.

Some day, some day, I am go - ing home to stay with Je - sus.  
going there some day, some day,

# No. 128.

# The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my por-tion for - ev - er, He is my Sav-iour from sin;  
 2. He is my fort-ress and tow - er, He is my guide and my King;  
 3. Praise to the One who re - deems me, Praise to my cru - ci - fied Lord;

He is my bless - ed sal - va - tion, I have the wit-ness with - in.  
 He is my Shep-herd, my Keep - er Joy - ful - ly now I can sing.  
 Now I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for the won - der - ful word.

## CHORUS

I have the witness with-in, . . . Je - sus now saves me from sin; . . . In his  
 with-in from sin

heart I've a place, I am saved by his grace, And I have the wit-ness with-in. . . .  
 with-in.

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# No. 129.

# Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely give you rest  
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood  
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in him without de-lay,  
 4. Come, then, and join the holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce - lestial land,

## CHORUS.

By trusting in his word.  
 That washes white as snow. } { \*Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now; }  
 And you are ful-ly blest. } { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit. ....) } save you now.  
 Where joys immortal flow.

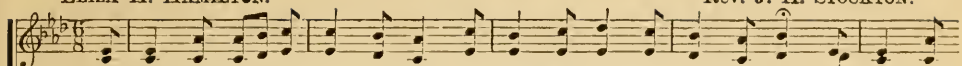
\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only trust him."

# No. 130.

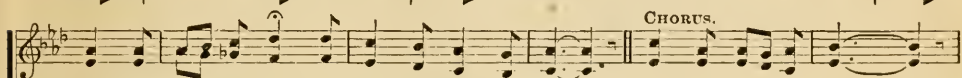
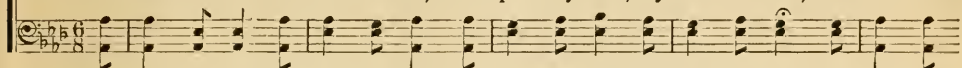
# Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



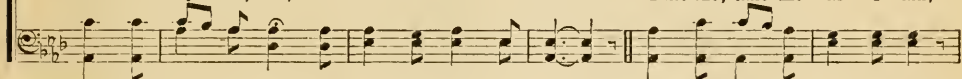
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; O bring thy
2. Help - less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou can'st
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove; But since to
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new, And work both



free sal - va - tion high And take me as I am!  
 make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!  
 thee I can - not move O take me as I am!  
 in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

Take me as I am, . . . .

Take me, take me as I am,



Take me as I am; . . . O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 Take me, take me as I am;

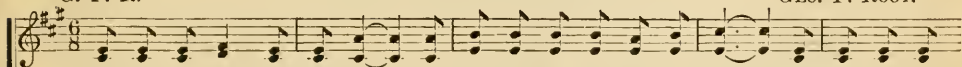


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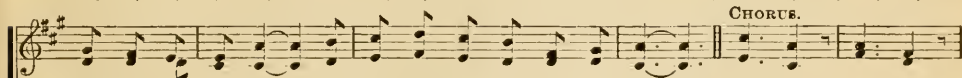
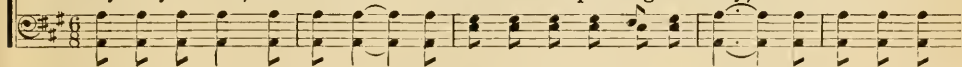
# Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

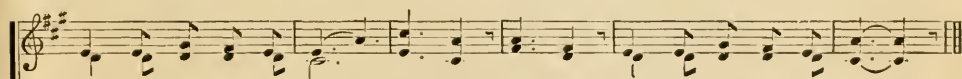
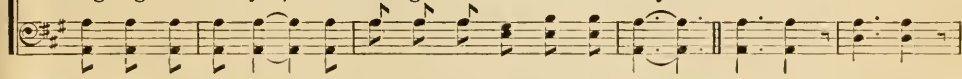


1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your Saviour is
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striving with - in? O why not ac -
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is

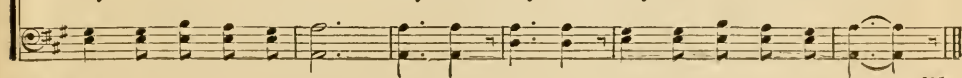


wait - ing to give you A place in his sanc - ti - fied throng.  
 save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but his way.  
 cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur - den of sin.  
 long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

Why not? Why not?



Why not come to him now? Why not? Why not? Why not come to him now?





# No. 132.

# I'll Pay the Price.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Grant, my dear Lord, thy blessing unto me, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! Ask what thou  
 2. Tho' on a cross my life may offered be, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! If from my  
 3. Noth- ing I keep, Lord, e- ven lib- er- ty, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! Tho' I must  
 4. Take all I have, O Lord, away from me, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price! All that I

CHORUS.

wilt no matter what it be, I'll sur- ren- der all to thee.  
 self and sin I may be free, I'll sur- ren- der all to thee.  
 pass, Lord, thro' Gethsemane, I'll sur- ren- der all to thee. } I'll pay the price, whate'er the cost  
 am or have or hope to be I'll sur- ren- der, Lord, to thee.

Or sac- ri- fice may be; I'll go with Je- sus my dear Lord, Tho' it be to Cal- va- ry.

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# No. 133.

# He Rescued Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I was a sin- ner but now I'm free, He res- cued me, he res- cued me;  
 2. Once I was wayward, a - far would stray, He res- cued me, he res- cued me;  
 3. Once e - vil led me, but now God reigns, He res- cued me, he res- cued me;

Once I was blind, but now I see, A brand from the burning, he res- cued me.  
 Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, he res- cued me.  
 Bro - ken for- e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, he res- cued me.

CHORUS.

He res- cued me, he res- cued me, A brand from the burning, he res- cued me;

# He Rescued Me.—Concluded.

O how I'll praise him thro' e - ter - ni - ty, A brand from the burning, he res - cued me.

## No. 134. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.*

QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa - ther, O wan - der - er come, Somebody-y's praying for you;  
 2. God's voice is call - ing, O do not de - lay, Somebody-y's praying for you;  
 3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebody-y's praying for you;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Turn from the sin-paths no lon - ger to roam, Somebody-y's praying for you. . . .  
 Bow at the mer - cy-seat, bend while you may, Somebody-y's praying for you. . . .  
 God waits his par-don, his peace to im-part, Somebody-y's praying for you. . . .  
 is praying for you;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Somebod - y loves you wher-ev - er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft-er day;  
 Somebody-y's wrestling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made perfect-ly whole;  
 Kneel in your weakness confess-ing your sin, Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Pray'rful-ly follows you all the dark way, Somebody-y's praying for you, for you.  
 Down where the billows of Cal - va - ry roll Somebody-y's praying for you, for you.  
 O - pen your heart, let love's cleansing tide in, Somebody-y's praying for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.") *Very softly*

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

# No. 135.

# There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming, by and  
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming, by and  
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming, by and

by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you  
 by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you  
 by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-part: I know you not!" Are you

CHORUS

read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you

read-y for the judgment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

# No. 136.

# O Don't Stay Away.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

*With expression.*

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No longer be distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast, O don't stay away.  
 2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares cannot be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold, O don't stay away.  
 3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in, O don't stay away.  
 4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are flying fast; Judgment will come at last, O don't stay away.  
 5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no longer roam; Come now and start for home, O don't stay away.

CHORUS.

Pray'rs are ascending now, Angels are bending low; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.



# No. 137.

# At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Alas! And did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die, }  
 Would he devote that sa- (Omit.....) } cred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.  
 At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart roll'd a-

way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.  
 roll'd away,

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
 For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my hear in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
 'Tis all that I can do.

# No. 138.

# I Surrender All.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give; }  
 I will ev-er love and trust him, In his presence dai-ly live. }  
 2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow, } I sur-ren-der  
 Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me Je-sus, take me now. }  
 3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, wholly thine; }  
 Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine. }

all, I surrender all; All to thee, my blessed Saviour, I surrender all.  
 I surrender all, I surrender all;

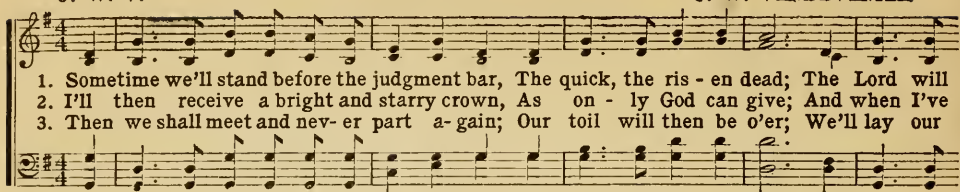
- 4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Lord, I give myself to thee;  
 Fill me with thy love and power,  
 Let thy blessings fall on me.

- 5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Now I feel the sacred flame;  
 O the joy of full salvation!  
 Glory, glory to his name.

# No. 139. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

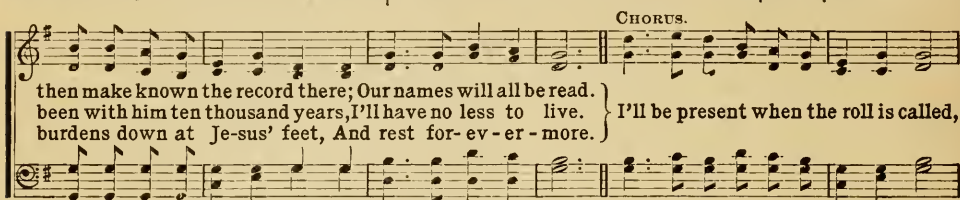
J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

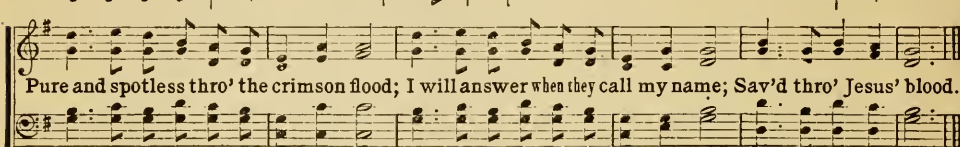


1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead; The Lord will  
2. I'll then receive a bright and starry crown, As on - ly God can give; And when I've  
3. Then we shall meet and nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er; We'll lay our

CHORUS.



then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.  
been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live. } I'll be present when the roll is called,  
burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more. }



Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood; I will answer when they call my name; Sav'd thro' Jesus' blood.

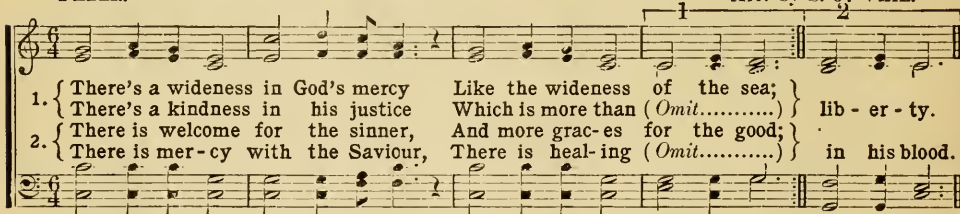
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# No. 140.

## He is Calling.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea; }  
2. { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.....) } lib - er - ty.  
3. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more grac - es for the good; }  
4. { There is mer - cy with the Saviour, There is heal - ing (Omit.....) } in his blood.

CHORUS.



He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind.

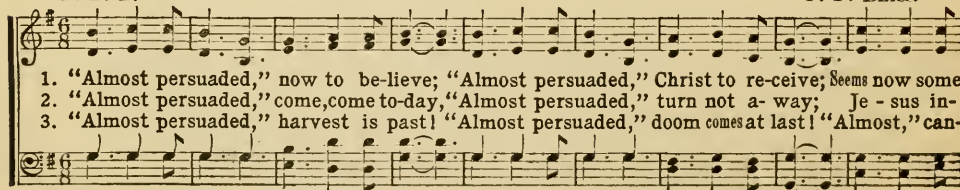
4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of the Lord.

# No. 141.

## Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. "Almost persuaded," now to be - lieve; "Almost persuaded," Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some  
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to - day, "Almost persuaded," turn not a - way; Je - sus in -  
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last! "Almost," can -

## Almost Persuaded.—Concluded.

soul to say, "Go, Spir-it, go thy way, Some more convenient day On thee I'll call."  
vites you here An-gels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.  
not a-vail; "Al-most," is but to fail! Sad, sad the bit-ter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

## No. 142.

## Decide for Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. How oft across life's narrow path As on we tread the way, There comes to us the  
2. O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right? His ways are paths of  
3. The pleadings often you have heard, The Saviour calls you: "come," Re-turn, tho' far you  
4. The world allures with promise vain, Yet death the end must be, But sweet the life our

CHORUS.

still, small voice, "Give me your heart to-day,"  
love and peace, The end is joy and light.  
are a-stray, Your footsteps turn to "home."  
Sav-iour gives, It lasts e-ter-nal-ly. } Decide for Je-sus, decide for Je-sus, No

lon-ger make delay; De-cide for Je-sus, de-cide for Je-sus, Make this de-cis-ion day.

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## No. 143.

## The Old Time Religion.

Anon.

Cho.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-  
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our

lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.  
mothers, And it's good enough for me.

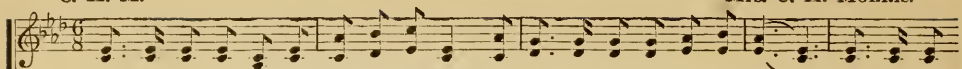
2 Makes me love everybody.  
3 It has saved our fathers.  
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.  
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.  
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.  
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.  
8 It will do when I am dying.  
9 It will take us all to heaven.



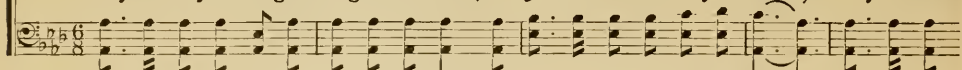
# No. 144. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

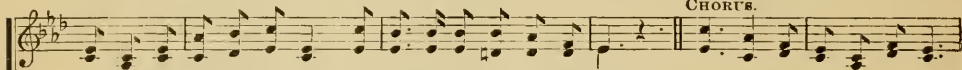
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If you de-
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; Fountains for
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If there's a
4. If friends once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; Find what a
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If you would

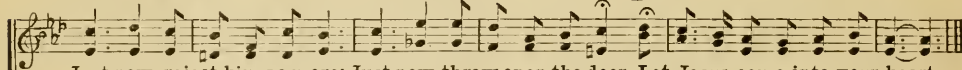
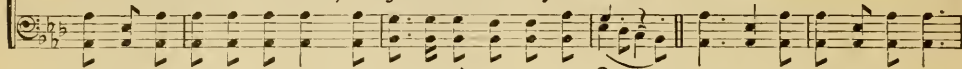


CHORUS.



- sire a new life to be - gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 Friend he will be un-to you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er;  
 After 5th verse.  
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er;



- Just now, reject him no more; Just now, throw open the door, Let Jesus come into your heart.  
 Just now, reject - ing no more; Just now, o - pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.



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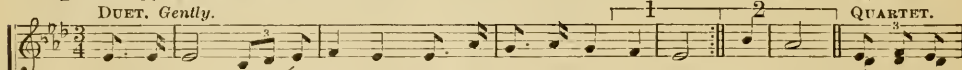
# No. 145. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

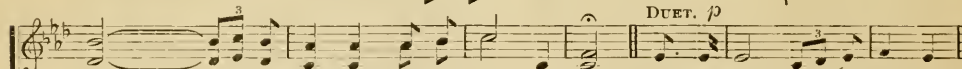
DUET. Gently.

W. H. DOANE.

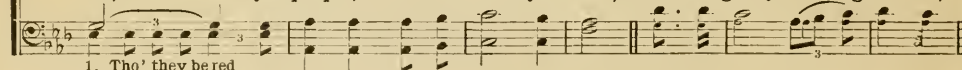
QUARTET.



1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho' they be
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! to God! He is of
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more; "Look un-to

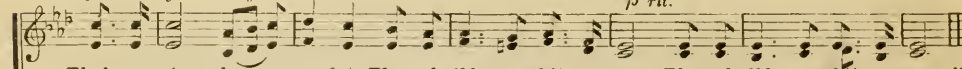


- red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool; "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 great . . . . . com - passion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you,  
 me, . . . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God; He'll forgive your transgressions,

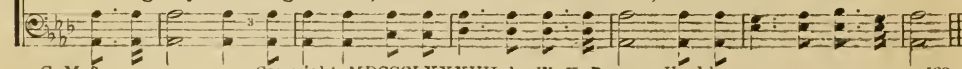


1. Tho' they be red

QUARTET *f*



- Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Hear the voice that entreats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!  
 He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more, And remember them no more.



G. M. S.

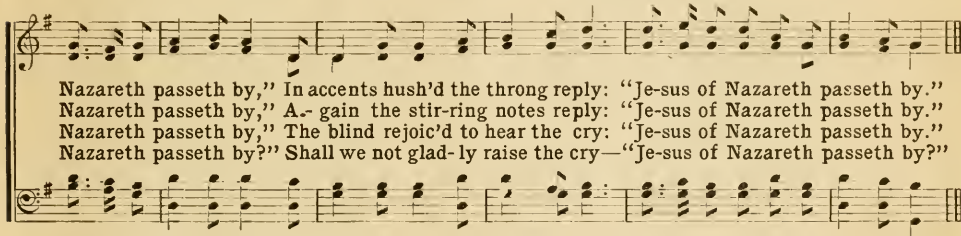
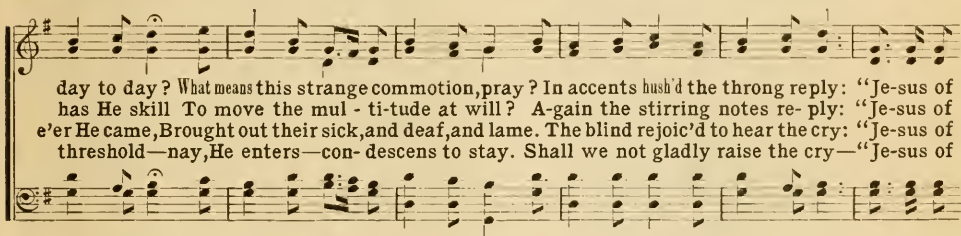
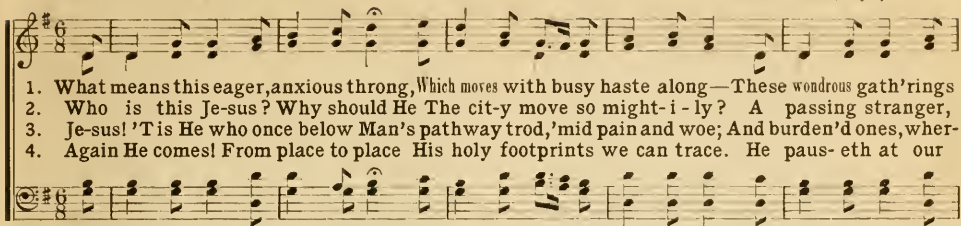
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# No. 146. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss ETTA CAMPBELL.

Mark x: 47.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.



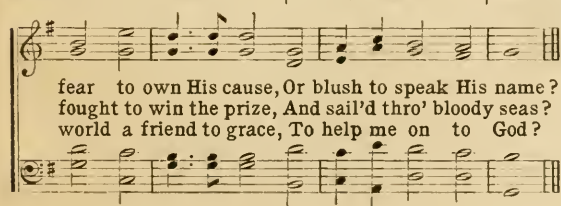
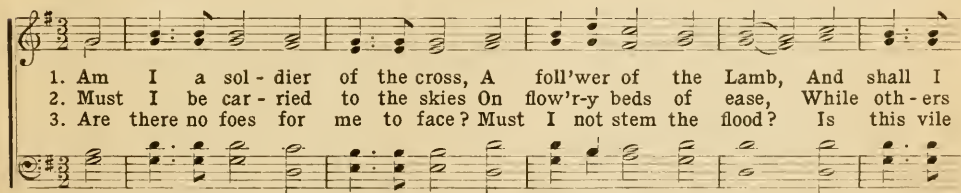
5 Ho! All ye heavy-laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home!  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face!  
Return, accept His proffered grace.  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
"Too late! Too late!" Will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

# No. 147. Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.



4 Since I must fight if I would reign  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

## No. 148. Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN. (Key G.)

1 Come, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore:  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 149. O for a Thousand Tongues!

AZMON. (Key A.)

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! The name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 150. Faith of Our Fathers.

ST. CATHERINE. (Key Ab.)

1 Faith of our fathers! Living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free;  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they, like them, could die for thee!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! We will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife:  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life:  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

—FREDERICK W. FABER.

## No. 151. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE. (Key Eb.)

1 Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before,  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join the happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

—SABINE BARING-GOULD.



## No. 152. How Firm a Foundation.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (Key A♭.)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,  
||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? :||
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand,  
||: Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. :||
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,  
||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;  
"The soul—though all hell should endeavor to  
shake,  
||: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake! :||

—G. KEITH.

## No. 153. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(Key G.)

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me;  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 4 There with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee! —SARAH F. ADAMS.

G. M. S.

## No. 154. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

HOLLINGSIDE. (Key E♭.)

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 155. Just As I Am.

(Key E♭.)

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

## No. 156. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

OLIVET. (Key Eb.)

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

—RAY PALMER.

## No. 157. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. (Key Bb.)

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!

—AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

## No. 158. When I Survey.

EUCARIST. (Key D.)

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

G. M. 3

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 159. The Morning Light is Breaking

WEBB. (Key Bb.)

- 1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above:  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay,  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come;"

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## No. 160. God Be With You.

(Key Db.)

- 1 God be with you till we meet again,  
By his counsels guide, uphold you,  
With his sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

- Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath his wings protecting, hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you,  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put his arms unfailing 'round you,  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

—J. E. RANKIN.

## No. 161. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

AMERICA. (Key F.)

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## No. 162. How Sweet the Name.

AZMON. (Key A.)

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest
- 3 Dear name! The Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace;
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

—JOHN NEWTON.

## No. 163. In the Cross of Christ.

(Key C.)

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me,  
Lo! It glows with peace and joy.

G. M. 3.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

—Sir J. BOWRING.

## No. 164. Happy Day.

(Key G.)

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day:  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!

- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
He drew me and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

—P. DODDRIDGE.

## No. 165. All Hail the Power.

MILES' LANE. (Key Bb.)

CORONATION. (Key G.)

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 'Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

—EDWARD PERRONET.



# No. 166.

# Say, are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the Death-an-gel knock at thy cham-ber, In the still watch of to - night,  
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;  
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to judgment, Or to the land of de - light?  
 Ev - 'ry brief mo - ment brings your doom nearer; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!  
 Je - sus is pleading, pa - tient - ly pleading, O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y? If the angel of death should call;.....  
 should call;

Say, are you read - y? O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

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# No. 167.

# Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirsty land re-  
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the  
 3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy  
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

freshing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
 rath - er, Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mercy light on me.  
 fav - or, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.  
 boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

# No. 168.

# Christ Arose!

ROBERT LOWRY.

R. L.  
Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus, my Saviour! Wait-ing the coming day, Je - sus, my Lord!  
 2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je - sus, my Saviour! Vainly they seal the dead, Je - sus, my Lord!  
 3. Death cannot keep his prey, Je - sus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a-way, Jes - us, my Lord!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;  
 He a - rose, He a - rose;  
 He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His  
 saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

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# No. 169.

# The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. { O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; }  
 { Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, (Omit.....) } Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me; }  
 { O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, (Omit.....) } yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
 Above the world of sin,  
 With heart made pure and garments white  
 And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'Tis heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied;  
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
 My Jesus crucified.

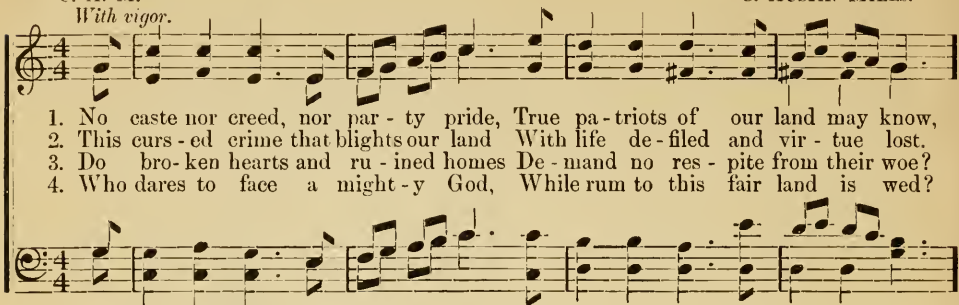
## No. 170.

## The Saloon Must Go.

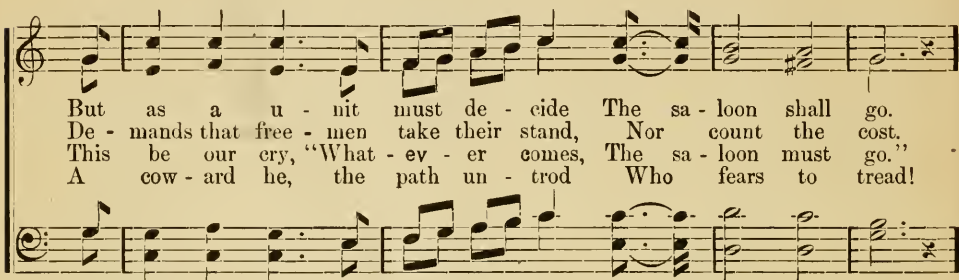
(Written while listening to an address by the leader of the Anti-Prohibitionists, Congressman Bartholdt of Missouri, at the Academy of Music, May 11th, 1914.)

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

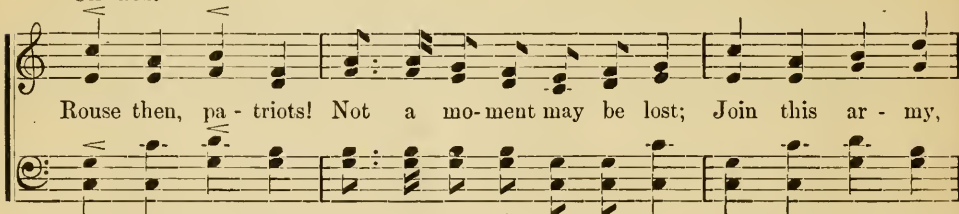
*With vigor.*


1. No caste nor creed, nor par - ty pride, True pa - triots of our land may know,  
 2. This curs - ed crime that blights our land With life de - filed and vir - tue lost.  
 3. Do bro - ken hearts and ru - ined homes De - mand no res - pite from their woe?  
 4. Who dares to face a might - y God, While rum to this fair land is wed?

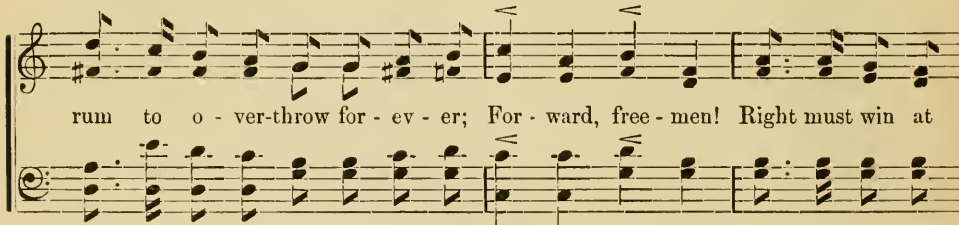


But as a u - nit must de - cide The sa - loon shall go.  
 De - mands that free - men take their stand, Nor count the cost.  
 This be our cry, "What - ey - er comes, The sa - loon must go."  
 A cow - ard he, the path un - trod Who fears to tread!

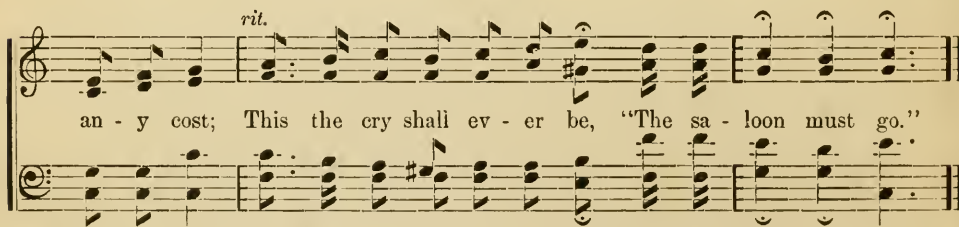
## CHORUS.



Rouse then, pa - triots! Not a mo - ment may be lost; Join this ar - my,



rum to o - ver-throw for - ev - er; For - ward, free - men! Right must win at



an - y cost; This the cry shall ev - er be, "The sa - loon must go."

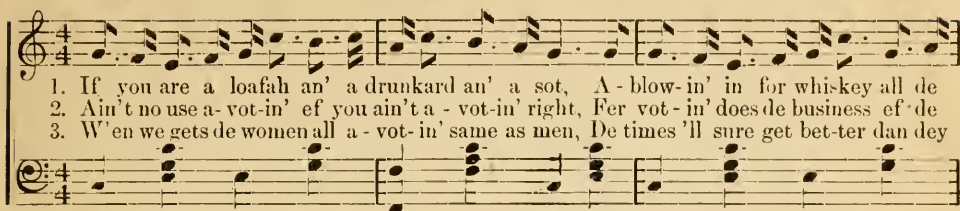


## No. 171.

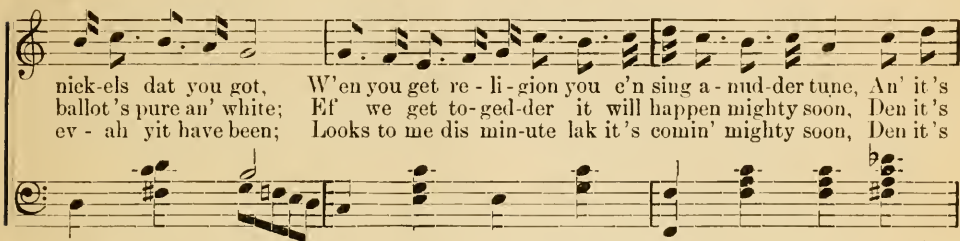
## "Good-bye, Mistah Saloon."

C. A. M.

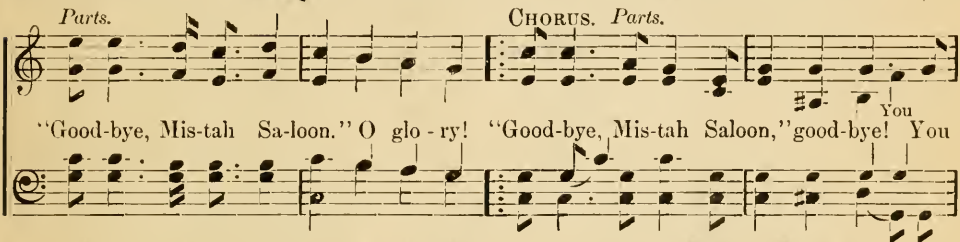
(This is a Secular Song intended for Temperance Meetings.) C. AUSTIN MILES.



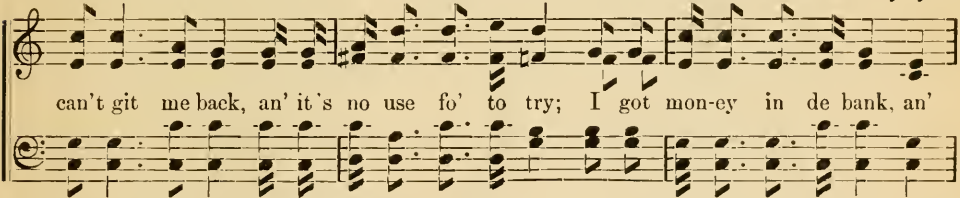
1. If you are a loafah an' a drunkard an' a sot, A - blow-in' in for whiskey all de  
 2. Ain't no use a-vot-in' ef you ain't a - vot-in' right, Fer vot-in' does de business ef de  
 3. W'en we gets de women all a - vot-in' same as men, De times 'll sure get bet-ter dan dey



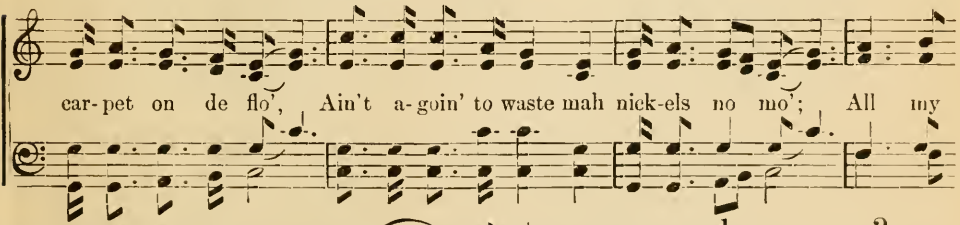
nick-els dat you got, W'en you get re - li - gion you c'n sing a - nud - der tune, An' it's  
 ballot's pure an' white; Ef we get to - ged - der it will happen mighty soon, Den it's  
 ev - ah yit have been; Looks to me dis min - ute lak it's comin' mighty soon, Den it's



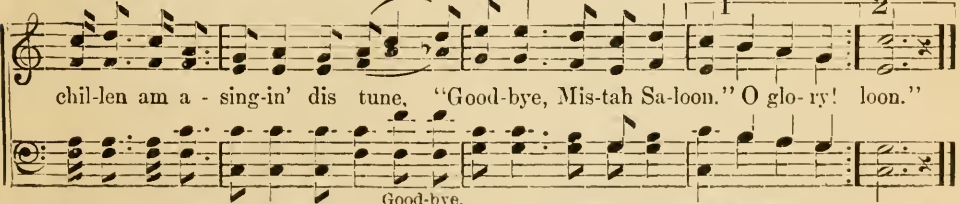
*Parts.* *CHORUS. Parts.*  
 "Good-bye, Mis-tah Sa-loon." O glo - ry! "Good-bye, Mis-tah Saloon," good-bye! You



can't git me back, an' it's no use fo' to try; I got mon-ey in de bank, an'



car-pet on de flo', Ain't a-guin' to waste mah nick-els no mo'; All my



chil-len am a - sing-in' dis tune, "Good-bye, Mis-tah Sa-loon." O glo - ry! loon."

Good-bye,

# Temperance and Patriotic.

## 172. Temperance and Liberty.

Tune:—"Maryland, My Maryland." Key G.

- 1 O shout the watchword clear and strong,  
"Temperance and Liberty."  
We march to victory over wrong,  
Temperance and Liberty;  
Come join together hand in hand,  
Inspired by all that's good and grand,  
And help to save our native land,  
Temperance and Liberty.
- 2 We'll watch and work as well as pray,  
Temperance and Liberty,  
For soon will dawn our golden day,  
Temperance and Liberty.  
Eternal right is at the stake,  
Our hands the chains of sin must break,  
Through grace divine, and for his sake,  
Temperance and Liberty.
- 3 Our noble cause the Lord will bless,  
Temperance and Liberty,  
It stands for truth and righteousness,  
Temperance and Liberty.  
With faith in God and self control,  
We forward press to reach the goal,  
Exultant sing with heart and soul,  
Temperance and Liberty.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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## 175. What Ruin.

Tune:—"Azmon." Key A.

- 1 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!  
How widely roll its waves!  
How many myriads hath it brought  
To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,  
And break the galling chain;  
Deliverance to the captive bring,  
And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own;  
Our plans and efforts bless;  
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone  
To crown them with success.

## 176. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

Tune:—"Laban." Key C.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

## 177. Work for Temperance.

Tune:—"Work, for the Night is Coming." See No. 99.

- 1 Work, for the cause of temperance,  
Work, and our God shall bless;  
Faith in his word shall aid us,  
He shall give success.  
Save those who see no danger  
In the alluring drink,  
Save, ere their souls shall perish  
O'er sin's treacherous brink.
- 2 Work, for the cause of temperance,  
Heeding the light of truth;  
Save to this glorious nation  
Lives of precious youth.  
Till o'er the land and ocean  
Floats in the sun-kissed air  
That flag which should mean "Temperance"  
In this land so fair.
- 3 Work, while the strength is given  
To overcome the foe,  
Let every hour be precious  
Saving souls from woe.  
Then as the last ray fades  
Blotting this world from sight,  
Vict'ry shall crown our efforts  
In the cause of right.

## 173. God Bless Our Native Land.

Tune:—"Italian Hymn." Key G.

- 1 God bless our native land;  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night:  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayers shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.
- 3 To God,—the Father, Son,  
And Spirit,—Three in One,  
All praise be given!  
Crown him in every song;  
To him your hearts belong;  
Let all his praise prolong  
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. John S. Dwight.

## 174. Evils of Intemperance.

Tune:—"Boylston." Key C.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show his saving love.

# No. 178.

# Hear the Temperance Call.

Words adapted.

(THE TEMPERANCE CALL.)

FRANZ ABT.

*Allegro.*

1. Hear the temp'rance call, Freeman, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry; See your native land  
2. Leave the shop and farm, leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! The land to save; Let your leaders be  
3. Hail our Fatherland! Here thy children stand, All resolved, unit - ed, true, In the temp'rance cause

CHORUS.  
Lift its beck'ning hand: Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.  
True and noble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave. } Chase the monster from our shore, Let his  
Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is and vow.

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er;  
cru-el reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.  
shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er; from our shore,

## No. 179. Every County Dry.

TUNE.—"Bringing in the Sheaves."

- Heart and voice uniting  
In the song delighting,  
Hills and valleys echo  
With the joyful cry!  
Shout it from the housetops,  
Sing it in the workshops,  
Patriotic watchword,  
Every County Dry!

CHORUS.—Every County Dry!  
Every County Dry!  
Up from earth to heaven  
Raise the battle cry!  
Every County Dry!  
If we only try  
Soon we'll sing triumphant,  
Every County Dry!

- Sorrow's night will vanish,  
When the drink we banish  
When the licensed bars no  
More their trade will ply;  
Homes will be the brighter,  
Hearts will be the lighter,  
When we win the fight for  
Every County Dry!

- Shall our ears, unheeding,  
Fail to hear the pleading  
Broken hearts are making  
To our God on high?  
For this traffic shameless  
Voters are not blameless,  
Christians, be awaking,  
"Every County Dry!"

## No. 180. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

(Key C.)

- Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming  
of the Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage, where the  
grapes of wrath are stored;  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His ter-  
rible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

- I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-  
dred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim  
and flaring lamps;  
His truth is marching on.
- He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment seat;  
O be swift my soul to answer Him! Be jubilant  
my feet!  
Our God is marching on.
- In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born  
across the sea;  
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures  
you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to  
make men free,  
While God is marching on.



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